

P O E M S.

B Y

J. THELWALL.

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FRONTISPICE.



EDMUND and ROSALINDA.

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P O E M S

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

JOHN THELWALL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I

CONSISTING OF

T A L E S.

The Muse's Office was by Heav'n design'd
To amuse, instruct, and to reform Mankind.

CHURCHILL.

L O N D O N :

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A P O L O G Y.

PERHAPS no literary adventurer had ever more impediments to struggle with than the author of the following collection. At an age when other votaries to the Muses have been refining their imaginations, and improving their judgments, by an application to the immortal productions of antiquity, in the academic shades of Cam or Isis, he has ventured to send into the world two volumes of Poems, mostly written at such short intervals as could be snatched from the avocations of a profession, perhaps the most unfriendly to the study of liberal arts.

The reader will be informed in several parts of these volumes, (what perhaps he would have discovered without any formal declaration) that the author is unacquainted with the classical languages.

Nor

Nor is the ignorance of Greek and Latin his only misfortune. The trammels of occupations, equally discordant to his inclinations, and irreconcilable to literature, have also prevented him from acquiring that general knowledge of the world, and from making such extensive observations on the various and instructive scenes of nature, which might in some degree make amends for the want of learning.

When, therefore, he considers what senseless trash vanity, and the flattering encouragements of a few mistaken friends, have prompted men, who possessed every adventitious superiority over himself, to send into the world, he cannot but fear, labouring as he does under these accumulated discouragements, that he is himself one of those who have been deluded, by a high admiration for poetry, into an ill-grounded conceit

conceit that they possess a genius for the composition of it.

But the die is cast. The awful moment is approaching, when these productions, such as they are, must receive their doom at the tribunal of the public. The author submits them, with trembling solicitude, to the candour and indulgence of the good-natured reader. He flatters himself, that whatever may be the decision of the critic, the moralist will not frown upon his labours. For though his Muse may sometimes glow with the ardour of a lover, he believes she will never be found to burn with the impure fires of a courtezan.

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POEMS

P O E M S.

EDMUND AND ROSALINDA.

“ **A**h me ! the west no longer glows
“ With evening’s blushing ray :
“ The moon a feeble light bestows,
“ To paint the pathless way.

“ Oh ! whither shall our feeble feet,
“ With lengthen’d toil oppress’d,
“ In all this dreary forest meet
“ A place secure to rest ?

“ For here oppressive outlaws dwell,
“ And rapine’s desp’rate race ;
“ And prowling wolves, more fierce and fell,
“ Infest the houseless place.

B

Alas !

“ Alas ! with toil and fear I faint !”—

Fair Ros'lind said, and sigh'd.

“ Ah cease thy moan, my love, my saint !”

The gentle Edmund cried :

“ Dismiss thy fears, and thank the Pow'r

“ Who pities the distress'd,

“ And leads us to an humble bow'r

“ Of safety and of rest.

“ For where yon spiring poplars bend

“ Before the fanning breeze,

“ I see a little cottage send

“ Its smoke above the trees.

“ Then courage, love ! and let's away

“ To yon sequester'd shed ;

“ Where we perhaps secure may lay,

“ Or hide the weary head.”

Not evening dew to drooping flow'rs

Such fresh'ning strength affords,

Nor to the turf descending flow'rs,

As to her mind his words.

Then,

Then, hand in hand, the wild they trace,
 To gain the low retreat ;
 Till faint and sad, they reach the place—
 Of weeping age the seat.

With furz was thatch'd the lowly hut,
 Part hollow'd from the hill,
 Part built with planks, all rudely cut,
 More form'd by want than skill.

They knock, and straitway at the door
 A wrinkled dame appears ;
 Neat was her look, her habit bore
 The signs of better years.

The shelter of her cleanly roof
 The matron freely grants,
 And gives them every friendly proof
 Of pity for their wants.

Upon a table quick she spread
 A napkin clean and neat,
 Then brings a loaf of barley bread,
 With fruits, a wholesome treat !

With many a welcome oft times said,

Her friendly heart she shows.

The fire, with added faggots fed,

A cheerful light bestows.

Then, for a while, the courteous dame

Withdrew in silent haste;

But with a bowl soon back she came,

Which she before them plac'd,

“ My children,” says the matron sage,

“ Behold the wholesome draught.

“ With this your craving thirst assuage:—

“ Such our forefathers quaff'd;

“ Which them with health and strength supply'd,

“ All luxury unknown,

“ Then charity unmix'd with pride,

“ And simple virtue shone.

“ A cow, the sole remaining wealth

“ Of all my former store,

“ Supplying this, secures me health;

“ Nor do I wish for more.

And

“ And if, by chance benighted here,

“ Some sadly wand’ring guest

“ For shelter to my cot repair,

“ I give him, and am blest.

“ For such a portion I reserve

“ When I the udder press;

“ O’erjoy’d the pow’r I still preserve

“ The needy to redrefs.

“ For what can greater joy impart

“ To minds with feeling blest,

“ Than to revive the drooping heart,

“ Or succour the distrest?

“ The flow’rs the morning dews exhale,

“ And gather thence their sweets,

“ And kindly scent each gentle gale

“ That fans their gay retreats.

“ The larks, by nature’s bounty fed,

“ Their bliss to all impart;

“ Melodious soaring o’er our head,

“ They glad the drooping heart.

“ Shall we alone, with reason blefs’d,
 “ A sordid mind retain ?
 “ See others with misfortune pref’d,
 “ And not relieve their pain ?”

Thus she, benevolent and kind,
 The while each youthful guest
 Griev’d, to behold so good a mind
 By poverty opprest.

Their simple meal, their hostess good,
 Delight each lover’s mind :
 Yet in their eyes the tear oft stood,
 And, trembling, sadly shin’d.

The melting glance, the mutual figh,
 Bespoke the lover’s flames :
 But ah ! the frequent moisten’d eye
 A sadder cause proclaims.

At length the fair her drooping head,
 With tender woes opprest,
 Reclined, and there its sorrows shed,
 On Edmund’s throbbing breast.

The

The tender scene provokes the tears

To wet the matron's cheeks ;

And thus, emov'd with generous fears,

The kind enquirer speaks :

“ Ah me ! reveal ye tender pair,

“ If thwarted in your love,

“ Ye fly some jealous guardian's care,

“ A stolen bliss to prove ?

“ Or if in Hymen's bonds conjoin'd,

“ An angry father's doom

“ Compels you, in his wrath unkind,

“ Abandon'd thus to roam ?

“ Perhaps some wealthier rival woo'd

“ The virgin to his bed ;

“ Some titled wretch her love pursued,

“ And gold's allurements spread.

“ For this the father may withhold

“ His sanction to your joy ;

“ And for vain stores of useless gold,

“ Your happiness destroy.

Can

“ Can wealth relieve the aching heart,

“ Or silence discord’s voice ;

“ That parents act this cruel part ?—

“ Oh avaricious choice !

“ To drive content and peace away,

“ To make their fortunes more ;

“ That, like the bee, some spoiler may

“ Destroy them for their store.

“ If hence, my friends, your sorrows flow,

“ I can your sorrows feel.

“ Then listen to the tale of woe

“ Which, weeping, I reveal.

“ The Mercian throne when Keonwulph held,

“ My father did preside :

“ A valiant soldier in the field,

“ And in the council tried.

“ Of all the children of his bride,

“ But only me surviv’d :

“ Young Alwin woo’d me from his side,

“ But nought his passion thriv’d.

The

“ The fav’rite of the king was he,

“ My father took his part ;

“ But to a youth of less degree

“ I had bestow’d my heart.

“ Not lilies on the stem display’d

“ Were half so fair to view ;

“ Nor doves that seek the woodland shade

“ So tender and so true :

“ Alas ! but small his fortunes were,

“ Which made my sire disprove ;

“ And long he sought to part the pair

“ Combin’d in mutual love.

“ And oft he press’d I’d Alwin wed ;

“ But I his will withstand,

“ And to my humbler lover fled,

“ And gave to him my hand :

“ All to my sire unknown, I flew

“ Just at the break of dawn :

“ The fields were white with pearly dew,

“ And hung with tears the thorn.

“ Se-

" Secluded long, compell'd, we dwelt,
 " To shun my father's rage ;
 " In hopes that time his ire would melt,
 " His cruel wrath assuage.

" The sun had walk'd his annual round,
 " A witness to our bliss ;
 " A daughter fair our love had crown'd
 " With double happiness.

" When that my angry father heard
 " Where we had liv'd so long,
 " And with his vassals arm'd appear'd—
 " A bold and mighty throng !

" He swore the life he would not spare
 " Of him my dearest lord ;
 " For wedding thus his daughter fair,
 " Against his known accord.

" Behind the house a forest stood ;
 " And much my lord I pray'd,
 " That thro' the same escape he would,
 " And take our little maid.

" Wit

“ With much of tears and discontent,
 “ And with a heavy heart,
 “ He thro’ the woods to exile went.
 “ We griev’d full sore to part.

“ Now scarcely out of sight was he,
 “ When burst the castle door ;
 “ In rush’d my fire, with cruel glee :
 “ I sunk upon the floor.

“ And where is he, the saucy slave,
 “ When I reviv’d, he said,
 “ Who dar’d, ere I my blessing gave,
 “ My only daughter wed ?”

“ Safe from thy pow’r, (I bold reply’d,)
 “ O thou inhuman fire !
 “ By this he stems the briny tide,
 “ And mocks thy cruel ire.”

“ Then me he to his home did bear,
 “ And keep me there confin’d,
 “ And oft with threats, oft speeches fair,
 “ He’d tempt my constant mind.

“ From

“ From former vows, full oft he'd say,

“ The pope should set me free,

“ If I would his commands obey,

“ And gallant Alwin's be.

“ But I resolv'd I'd faithful prove

“ To him my dearest lord,

“ Who now, by my hard father drove,

“ Was wand'ring sad abroad.

“ To shun his persecuting pow'r,

“ I from my father fled ;

“ All at the fearful, silent hour

“ When darkness round was spread.

“ Secluded in this homely cot,

“ I've shunn'd the public eye ;

“ Submissive to my hapless lot,

“ Where I'll contented die.

“ If yours is like my former love,

“ Oh may it happier end !

“ May time your fond esteem improve,

“ Your fortunes heav'n befriend !

But,

“ But, oh ye heav’ns ! I yet must mourn,

“ With tears and anguish wild,

“ That I could yet no tidings learn

“ Of Roldan or my child.

“ Roldan, my lord ! my dear delight !—”

Her tears her words delay ;

While quick from Rosalinda’s sight

Each object fades away.

Attentive long the tale she heard,

On every accent hung,

And toss’d on passion’s tide appear’d,

And with impatience stung ;

But, when she heard brave Roldan’s name,

She sunk in Edmund’s arms ;

A sudden chilness seiz’d her frame,

And dimn’d her heav’ly charms.

To give her aid the hostess flies,

When, on the maiden’s breast,

A picture met her wond’ring eyes

With Roldan’s form imprest.

Then shook with joy the matron's frame,
 " My child," she cried, " my child !
 " By heav'n's high will you hither came :
 " Conducted thro' the wild.

" For when thy father with thee flew,
 " Thy infant neck around
 " I hung this toy, which now I view.
 " And art thou, art thou found ?"

Reviving, Rosalinda throws
 Her arms around her neck,
 Each to the other's bosom grows,
 And tears their utterance check.

" My child," demands the eager dame,
 " My Rosalinda dear !
 " Does yet thy father live,—proclaim—
 " And how he lives, and where ?"

Returning sorrow chills the blood
 Of either youthful guest ;
 Forlorn and motionless they stood,
 And sighs each voice supprest.

Then

Then thus the youth : " Ah parent dear !

" As soon I hope you'll be,
 " Thy Roldan lately pres'd his bier,
 " From guilt and terror free.

" He call'd me to his death-bed side,
 " And pres'd my hand in his ;
 ' My Edmund, oh my friend ! ' he cried,
 ' May yours be every blis.

' Like you I lov'd, in youthful time,
 ' And was again belov'd :
 ' Our joys were short, and in their prime
 ' The source of sorrow prov'd.

' Spurn'd from my country, forc'd to roam,
 ' I've wander'd sad and poor :
 ' But now I seek a peaceful home,
 ' Where sorrow is no more.

' By thy supporting bounty fed——
 ' But oh ! when I'm no more
 ' Let Ros'lind share thy nuptial bed,
 ' Nor broken vows deplore.

‘ Have pity on her tender years,
 ‘ And do not blast her fame,
 ‘ Nor forfeit, by her injur’d tears,
 ‘ The guerdon you may claim.

‘ For heav’n its bitter wrath prepares
 ‘ To blast his closing day,
 ‘ Who woos the maid, and basely dares
 ‘ Her easy heart betray.’

“ Oh rest thy heart, sincere I cried,
 “ I will be just and kind.—
 ‘ Ah yet’ he rear’d his head and sigh’d,
 ‘ One wish remains behind :

‘ In Angles-land Elfrida seek,
 ‘ If yet my dearest lives,
 ‘ And wipe from tears her aged cheek,
 ‘ If yet forlorn she grieves.’

“ He said, and harder grasp’d my hand ;
 “ His faltering accents cease ;
 “ He smil’d serene, with aspect bland,
 “ And sunk to endless peace.

“ Soon

“ Soon as each dutious task was done
 “ To his departed shade,
 “ We cross’d the sea, and journey’d on
 “ To seek you as he’d said.

“ When now the sun’s enlivening sheen
 “ Had pass’d the middle day,
 “ Our guides we left, the sylvan scene
 “ Invited us to stray.

“ In mournful, pleasing converse long,
 “ Neglectful of the road,
 “ We wander’d inconsiderate on,
 “ And lost us in the wood.

“ But sure ’twas heav’n’s directing will
 “ That led our wand’ring feet,
 “ To end with joy thy years of ill,
 “ Whom here forlorn we meet.

“ Then be he thank’d with grateful heart,
 “ Who led us on our way ;
 “ Whose hand extracts affliction’s dart,
 “ And wipes our tears away.”

Elfrida hears, her bosom heaves
 With mingled joy and woe ;
 She clasps her child, her husband grieves,
 And tears descending flow.

“ And blest and happy may you be,
 “ And full of years,” she cried ;
 “ May ne’er misfortunes sorrow ye,
 “ Nor angry fate divide !

“ And may my Roldan’s virtues shine
 “ In all your offspring fair :
 “ His sweet endowments blefs your line,
 “ Without his weight of care.”

ALLEN

ALLEN AND MATILDA.

“ FAREWEL my cot, of wood contriv'd,
 “ 'Gainst storms and tempests proof,
 “ Round which the grape-vine long has thriv'd,
 “ And climb'd the rushy roof !

“ Farewel my garden's pride and joy,
 “ With gosses fenc'd around,
 “ Where flow'rs in scented beauty vie,
 “ And useful herbs abound !

“ Farewel my little orchard too,
 “ Whence I full oft, with care,
 “ The sweetest fruits of brightest hue
 “ Have pluck'd to please my fair !

“ Farewel thou brook, whose babbling stream,
 “ As slow it roll'd along,
 “ Full oft inspir'd my moral theme,
 “ Or tun'd my mournful song !

“ No

“ No more my sheep at middle day

“ Shall brouze upon thy side,

“ Or sportive on thy margin play,

“ Or drink thy cooling tide ;

“ Allen no more that flock shall tend :—

“ That flock is Ella’s now.

“ That roof shall Cedrec hence defend ;

“ For him the grape shall grow :

“ For ah ! Matilda scorns my love,

“ And mocks my little store :

“ Then shall the wars my state improve,

“ Or I return no more.

“ Yet sure the tender glancing eye

“ With which she kens me oft,

“ The swelling breast, the stifled sigh,

“ Bespeak emotions soft.

“ And sure the partial praise she gives

“ To my unskilful theme ;

“ And sure the praise my pipe receives

“ Are tokens of esteem.

“ And

“ And sure the frequent pride she took,
 “ With flow’rets gaily twin’d,
 “ To deck my lambs beside the brook,
 “ Bespoke a partial mind.

“ For ne’er were Ella’s younglings fair
 “ With wreathing flow’rets hung ;
 “ Nor did she lend a partial ear
 “ When Edwin sweetly sung.

“ ’Tis prudence then forbids the fair
 “ To wed a swain so poor :
 “ Then shall the wars my state repair,
 “ Or I return no more.”

“ Stay, Allen, stay,” Matilda cried,
 And issued from the grove,
 Where sweet-briar with the woodbines vied
 Which round the saplings wove ;

“ O’er yonder dewy mountain’s head
 “ The morning scarce appears ;
 “ No linnets yet their wings have spread ;
 “ No lark the welkin cheers.

“ Then

“ Then where does Allen rove so soon ?

“ Yet ah Matilda knows !—

“ For by that look, that tear, is shewn

“ The cause of Allen’s woes.

“ Yet cease to mourn, thou tender youth,

“ For fortune frowns no more ;

“ Matilda’s love shall crown thy truth,—

“ And wealth a plenteous store.

“ For yester-night a reverend fire

“ Approach’d my cottage gate,

“ In silver mail, and rich attire ;—

“ He seem’d of high estate.

“ It was my father ; whom my tears

“ Were wont so oft deplore,

“ Made pris’ner in my infant years

“ All on a distant shore.

“ Full well thou know’st how Kendal’s lord

“ His lands and castle seiz’d,

“ Which, all in vain, I oft implor’d

“ To be to me releas’d.

“ But

“ But when my sire his freedom gain’d,

“ And back to Mercia came,

“ He challeng’d him who thus detain’d

“ His true and lawful claim.

“ Before the king in listed fight,

“ Tho’ now in arms grown old,

“ He bravely prov’d his question’d right,

“ And flew his rival bold.

“ Then all in quest of me he came,

“ Nor to disarm would stay ;

“ For he had heard it told by fame

“ I friendless pin’d away.

“ Then Allen be thy heart elate,

“ For thou shalt surely share

“ The blessings of my alter’d state,”

Exclaim’d the gen’rous fair.

To pining flocks not dewy plains

Can greater joys impart,

Nor day-light to bewilder’d swains,

Than this to Allen’s heart.

He

He caught her fondly in his arms,
 He clasp'd her to his breast ;
 He gaz'd on all her blushing charms,
 And kiss'd and fondly prest.

The tear of transport wets each eye,
 Down either cheek it flows ;
 As dew-drops in the harebell lie,
 Or on the blushing rose.

But not the bell which dew refines
 Can match Matilda's eyen ;
 Nor humid rose so sweetly shines
 As does her blushing mien.

“ And will Matilda, will my love,”
 The happy Allen cried,
 “ A poor unfortun'd youth approve,
 “ And be a shepherd's bride ?”

“ Yes, yes ; for you I can resign
 “ The court's enticing pride :
 “ Let Allen be but only mine,
 “ I'll be a shepherd's bride.

“ To bles my Allen with the news,
 “ I left my sleepless bed,
 “ And tow’rds his cottage, o’er the dews
 “ With eager haste I fled.

“ For what of joy can wealth impart,
 “ Or fortune’s smile so fair,
 “ Till we can gild a lover’s heart,
 “ Or chace a friend’s despair ?”

As turtles in the woodland shade
 Their tender vows prolong,
 Or woodlarks warble thro’ the glade
 Their loves in mutual song.

They yielding all to harmless love,
 Their artless passion vow ;
 When rush’d Sir Thudor from the grove,
 With anger on his brow.

“ Degenerate girl,” enrag’d he cries,
 “ Thou art no child of mine,
 “ That dost no more thy honour prize,
 “ But wouldest disgrace thy line.

“ In wonder what so soon could lead
 “ Thy restless feet this way,
 “ I trac’d thee o’er the dew-white mead ;
 “ And now thy shame survey.

“ Degenerate girl ! that to a swain
 “ Of low and mean degree
 “ Wouldst give thy hand, my house to stain,
 “ And shame thyself and me.

“ But know that I have promis’d thee,
 “ And will perform my word,
 “ To one of rich and high degree,
 “ A valiant Lombard lord.

“ But as for thee, thou saucy groom,
 “ That durst so high aspire ;
 “ No longer to my child presume,
 “ Or dread my rising ire.”

When this the trembling fair-one hears,
 She sinks upon the earth ;
 And, while her eyes o’erflow with tears,
 She mourns her lofty birth.

As lilies overcharg'd with dew
 Droop weeping on the plain,
 So look'd the fair, forlorn of hue,
 And thus she vents her pain :

“ Oh ! happier far, while friendless, poor,
 “ A shepherd lass I liv'd,
 “ Than thus possess'd of wealth and store,
 “ And of my love bereav'd.”

Then drew young Allen from his side
 A sword both sharp and keen ;
 And thus, with bended knee, he cried
 To Thudor of the green :

“ Here Thudor, take my keen edg'd sword,
 “ And plunge it in my heart ;
 “ But do not, with thy keener word,
 “ Me from Matilda part.

“ That sword, when on his death-bed lay'd,
 “ To me my father gave ;
 “ And these the latest words he said,
 “ My Allen, oh be brave !

‘ From fierce Northumbria’s warlike race
 ‘ Thy ravish’d lands reclaim,
 ‘ Or breathless laid in honour’s chace,
 ‘ Transmit thy deeds to fame.’

“ But I, neglectful of his voice,
 “ Preferr’d the arts of peace ;
 “ A calm retirement was my choice,—
 “ But now that calm must cease.

“ Then, ah ! within my aching breast
 “ In pity plunge the sword ;
 “ Matilda, when my soul’s at rest,
 “ May wed the Lombard lord.

“ But let not me their nuptials view,
 “ Nor me his raptures hear ;
 “ Lest I some frantic action do
 “ In madness of despair.”

Meanwhile, surpriz’d, Sir Thudorey’d
 The blade he knew full well :
 “ Thy father’s name, and rank,” he cry’d,
 “ Oh quick young Allen tell.”

“ Sir Eldred was my father’s name,”

Reply’d the wond’ring youth ;

“ A title not unknown to fame

“ For loyalty and truth ;

“ But plunder’d by invading pow’rs

“ Of his paternal lands,

“ He left me, in his latest hours,

“ That sword, and those commands.”

“ Rise Allen, rise, for only thou

“ Shalt e’er my daughter wed :

“ Rise, rise, Matilda, happy now,”

The joyous father said.

“ Sir Eldred was my bosom friend,

“ And ’twas in war our pride

“ Each other nobly to defend,

“ And combat side by side.

“ And when fair peace the country blest,

“ With jocund hound and horn,

“ With mutual lance the wolf we prest,

“ And wak’d with shouts the morn.

“ And

“ And when I left my native shore

“ We endless friendship vow'd ;

(“ Alas to think ! we met no more)

“ And each a gift bestow'd.

“ Then I receiv'd from Eldred brave

“ A quiver and a bow,

“ And in return this sword I gave,

“ Whose make full well I know.

“ But thou a richer gift receive,

“ Matilda's willing hand ;

“ And long and happy may ye live,

“ In wedlock's purest band.”

“ And do I call Matilda mine ?”

The happy Allen cry'd ;

“ Yes, yes, my Allen I am thine,”

The blushing fair reply'd.

“ Heav'n will at last reward the pair

“ Whose mutual bosoms burn ;

“ Estrang'd from ev'ry selfish care,

“ For passions pure return.”

ELWIN AND ANNA.

A T A L E.

HARD by a dell, whose bushy side
 Was deckt with primrose sweet,
 With violets blue, and daisies pied,
 There stood a lone retreat :

A humble cottage, unadorn'd
 By arts of useless pride ;
 Yet was their want, nor be it scorn'd,
 By neatness well supplied.

Nor let the haughty and the great
 The humble roof despise ;
 For joy oft quits their downy state,
 And to the cottage flies.

And virtue, and contentment sweet
 Oft shun the gay parade,
 And fix their calm unrivall'd seat
 Within the rural shade.

And

And virtue here, content, and joy
 Were oft with Anna seen ;
 While modesty inform'd her eye,
 And meekness grac'd her mien.

The bud that on the hawthorn grew
 Was not like Anna fair ;
 Nor could the rose's ruddy hue
 With Anna's blush compare.

The violet, when it shone with dew,
 Before her eye look'd pale ;
 Her breath surpast the sweets that flew
 Upon the vernal gale.

But ah the virtues far more rare
 That dwelt within her breast,
 Outshone the brightest charms that were
 Upon her form imprest.

A maiden aunt, of adverse mould,
 Her infant beauties rear'd ;
 Of mind pedantic, manners bold :
 Less to be lov'd than fear'd.

And

And now when Anna's swelling breast,
 Fair as the whitest dove,
 The season of desire confess,
 Young Elwin sought her love.

Each means, each soft persuasive art
 He tried, the maid to gain ;
 And she return'd his flame at heart,
 But fear'd to own her pain.

But ah ! in vain her tongue conceal'd
 The feelings of her mind ;
 Her looks, her actions all reveal'd :—
 And Elwin was not blind.

Delighted now their minutes glide,
 Which mutual passion bless,
 Not woodlarks, who in thickets hide,
 Such tender joy express.

Full oft they sought the woodland shade,
 Or trac'd the dell around ;
 Or by the bubbling runnels stray'd,
 To mark the pleasing found.

And

And on the primrose bank reclin'd,
 Where circling woodbines grew,
 Would Anna oft reveal her mind,
 Or hear her Elwin woo.

Oft would the hand, with pressure soft,
 The want of words supply ;
 And, here conceal'd, the kiss would oft
 Retrain the rising sigh.

So blossom, like the freshest rose,
 Their tender hopes awhile ;
 More bright their dawn of passion glows
 Than May-day's morning smile.

The rose a sudden blight may kill,
 A cloud the sky o'ercast ;—
 But love—thy joys, more fickle still,
 Are seldom known to last.

The sordid dame, beneath whose care
 The tender Anna liv'd,
 Had long observ'd the gentle pair,
 And long with envy griev'd :

She

She hated Elwin, for he ne'er
 Would soothe her awkward pride,
 Nor her pretended sense revere ;
 But often would deride.

And Anna too this pedant proud
 With looks of envy view'd,
 Because she was by all allow'd
 With greater sense endu'd.

And now at once, with cruel spite,
 To blast their peace she strove ;
 Denied the fair her Elwin's sight,
 And bade her cease to love.

“ Can I my Elwin cease to love ? ”
 Exclaim'd the weeping maid ;
 “ No, let me first the desert rove,
 “ To friendless want betray'd.”

“ Tis well,” the envious Emma cried,
 “ Does Anna thus obey
 “ The last fond words which, ere she died,
 “ She heard her mother say ?

“ She

“ She bade me by her death-bed stand,
 “ As thou full well dost know ;
 “ She held you in her pale-grown hand,
 “ And gaz’d with tender woe ;

 “ And, sighing thus, with feeble tone,
 ‘ My Anna, oh ! ’ she cry’d,
 ‘ To Emma be obedience shown.’ —
 “ Then sunk she down and died.

 “ Then if to her thou’dst duteous prove,
 “ Nor Emma’s wrath deplore ;
 “ Renounce for ever Elwin’s love,
 “ And hear his vows no more.”

As droops the valley’s modest flow’r,
 By heavy rain opprest,
 So Anna dropt, and rain’d a flow’r
 Of tears upon her breast.

Debarr’d her much-lov’d Edwin’s sight,
 Her beauties fade away ;
 As fades the rose’s beauties bright,
 Debarr’d the light of day.

Now Elwin rov'd thro' each retreat,

Where they so often stray'd,

Yet could he not his Anna meet,

By dell or wood and shade.

“ Oh faithless Anna, cruel maid !”

The angry lover cry'd ;

“ Hast thou my easy heart betray'd,

“ My weakness to deride ?

“ Am I deserted then, with scorn ?

“ Coquett'd, slighted, crost ?

“ Let this by whining fools be born ;

“ But Elwin's not so lost.”

In scorn then left he Devon's plain,

While Anna pin'd away :

Each hour encreas'd the virgin's pain ;

Each hour her charms decay.

So mourns the dove her absent mate ;

So fades the hawthorn bloom,

When pluck'd before its fated date,

Expires its sweet perfume.

But not the turtle lov'd so true,
 Or lov'd so much as she ;
 Nor not the May-flow'r's gayest hue
 Esteem'd so sweet could be.

Her meek obedience now she blames ;
 Recalls each mem'ry sweet ;
 With past delight each grief enflames,
 And haunts each lov'd retreat.

Full oft she rov'd each dingle green,
 And sought each bushy dell,
 Each glade, where she'd with Elwin been,
 Their mutual loves to tell.

Full oft the flow'ry bank she sought,
 Where runnels bubbled round ;
 Where, giving loose to tender thought,
 They'd frequent prest the ground.

And where the clear and tranquil stream
 Steals silent, would she stray ;
 Where thro' the trees no sun-beams gleam,
 Or on the surface play.

“ Here,

“ Here,” would she say, “ the tender youth

“ Did first his love declare ;

“ Here did he oft protest his truth ;

“ Here did we last repair.

“ But ah ! for ever is he flown,

“ And Anna’s heart must break :

“ Yet, yet the fault was all my own ;

“ Why did I counsel take ?”

Thus mourn’d the fair when Elwin came

To Devon’s plains once more :

Then hope reviv’d her fading frame,

And bliss appear’d in store.

So opes the daisy on the lawn,

What time the sun appears ;

So smiles the tulip when the dawn

With gladd’ning lustre cheers.

But short the beam of hope and joy ;

For Elwin flights her charms :

Affects her proffer’d love to fly,

And seeks another’s arms.

He scoffs at Anna's artless love,
 Insults her easy heart ;
 And woos Matilda of the grove,
 And triumphs in his art.

When now one day, in cruel haste,
 To Anna Emma flies :
 " Here Anna, with this gift be grac'd,
 " To please young Elwin's eyes.

" This bridal present Elwin sends,
 " And this his new made bride."
 A sigh poor Anna's bosom rends,
 She faints by Emma's side.

At length she op'd her feeble eyes :
 " And is it true ?" she said,
 " If so unhappy Anna dies.
 " And am I thus betray'd ?

" Oh Elwin, Elwin ! can't thou ne'er
 " Unhappy Anna's be ?"
 Pale shone her cheek with many a tear,
 And trembled either knee.

Then to despair and grief resign'd,
 Retir'd the hapless maid ;
 Nor long her flighted love repin'd :—
 She fitt'd soon a shade.

I saw her in the earth laid low ;
 I wept upon her grave ;
 While pitying crowds, in speechless woe,
 Their silent blessings gave.

THE H E R M I T
O F T H E
R U I N E D P A L A C E.

“ H E R E , this way turn, my sister dear !

“ And in this cavern seek

“ Protection from the storm severe,

“ And windy tempest bleak.

“ O ! enter quick, ere yet again

“ The dreadful lightnings fly ;

“ Left, like our guide, we press the plain,

“ And all untimely die.”

“ Alas !” replies the trembling fair,

With fault’ring voice and weak,

“ Where, where, my friend, would thy despair

“ A dangerous refuge seek ?

“ What if within this cavern drear

“ Some hungry wolf were found,

“ Whom nothing now prevents but fear

“ To prowl the forest round ?

“ Or

“ Or what if here fierce outlaws hive,

“ To cruel actions bred ;

“ By rapine who and murder live,

“ To love and pity dead ?

“ Oh save us heav'n ! some place reveal

“ Where safely we may rest :

“ For ah my fluttering heart I feel

“ Is fainting in my breast.

“ Oh shield me, Anna, gentle maid !

“ How fierce the lightning flies !”

“ Alas ! I need thy feeble aid !”

The trembling maid replies.

And now a light between the trees

Appears to move that way ;

Sad terrors Anna's bosom seize ;

Her sister faints away.

From murder warm then forward came

Two ruffians fierce and bold :

A torch one carries, by whose flame

The fair-ones they behold.

With

With speeches rude, they eager seiz'd
 Each in his blood-stain'd arms
 A wretched female, grimly pleas'd
 To view their matchless charms.

Then tow'rds the cave the ruffians bore
 With speed the hapless pair ;
 While struggling Anna wept full sore,
 And rent with shrieks the air.

And now returning life appears
 To lume the sister's eyes ;
 Fast fall the kind reviving tears,
 Her bosom swells with sighs.

But when the lawless wretch she view'd
 Who her so closely prest,
 And felt his hand, with pressure rude,
 Defile her snowy breast,

She fill'd the forest all around
 With frequent shrieks and loud ;
 Whereat the caitiff sternly frown'd,
 And thus he vaunted proud :

“ In

“ In vain thy voice the forest rends,

“ For none will bring thee aid :

“ All know who'er assistance lends

“ Must soon be breathless laid.”

“ It is not so,” bold Rowland cried,

And rush'd from out the shade ;

Then fell'd to earth the ruffian's pride :

The other flew dismay'd.

Then Rowland lifts the trembling pair,

Whose grateful hearts o'erflow,

In thanks to him whose timely care

Had snatch'd them both from woe.

“ Oh thank me not,” he thus replies,

“ For to the feeling breast,

“ 'Tis joy beyond all meaner joys

“ To succour the distress.

“ Then what of thanks can I deserve,

“ Who feel within my heart

“ A greater joy, while you I serve,

“ Than I to you impart.

“ But

“ But leave, fair maids, this dang’rous place,

“ And if ye will repair

“ To do my lone retirement grace,

“ I will conduct ye there.

“ No downy couch to rest at ease

“ My mould’ring cave can yield ;

“ But from the rain and chilling breeze

“ My mossy roof can shield.

“ And if that nature’s frugal fare

“ Can nature’s wants suffice,

“ My roots ye shall with welcome share,

“ And drink the spring supplies.”

The fair-ones bow, as ’fore the gale

The waving flow’rets bend ;

Then leads he winding tow’rds the dale,

And they his steps attend.

And now the winds their roarings cease,

The welkin grows serene ;

The clouds disperse before the breeze,

The yellow moon is seen.

Fair Anna by the glimmering light

The op'ning view survey'd ;
But ah ! her sister veil'd her sight,
And trembled thro' the glade.

Her bosom, like the froth-white wave,
Heav'd with the swelling sigh ;
Full many a tear her cheek did lave,
Or trembled in her eye.

And now they reach a ruin'd pile,
Of grandeur once the seat,
And wind thro' many a Gothic isle,
To Rowland's lone retreat.

Then up the marble steps they climb,
And to his room arrive,
Whose moss-grown walls, decay'd by time,
The nestling swallows hive.

With creeping ivy overgrown
Was one small casement seen ;
Thro' one the moon obstructed shone,
And cast a chequer'd gleen :

For

For this the ivy fring'd around,
 And crept fantastic thro';
 And close the shatter'd frame it bound,
 And up the roof it grew.

With crackling wood to dry the fair
 The hermit now essays;
 The dying embers wakes with care,
 And bids the hearth to blaze.

The fair, refresh'd with warmth and food,
 The hermit's grief observe:
 His sigh-swoln breast, his troubl'd mood,
 His silence and reserve.

And anxious thus the elder spoke:
 " Say why, thou man of woes,
 " The peopled city you forsook,
 " And this retirement chose?

" What sorrows on thy bosom prey,
 " To me if thou'l declare,
 " With grateful heart, I'll night and day
 " Remind them in my pray'r.

" For

“ For I, forlorn, the cloister seek,

“ In orisons to spend

“ My wretched days, resign'd and meek,

“ Till death my sorrows end.”

“ Oh pious maid !” the hermit cried,

“ How can I dare, for shame,

“ To thy pure ears my tale confide,

“ And guilt like mine proclaim ?

“ A man of high estate was I

“ All in my youthful days ;

“ My meads did pasture rich supply

“ For numerous flocks to graze.

“ But ah ! to wanton joys inclin'd,

“ Heav'n's bounty I abus'd,

“ And what for good was thus design'd,

“ My misery produc'd.

“ Full oft the artless maid I woo'd,

“ By grot or shady grove ;

“ And many, by my arts subdu'd,

“ Fell victims to their love.

“ When now Elfrida met my view,

“ A maid of modest air ;

“ The daisy on the mead that grew

“ Was never half so fair.

“ Retir'd she liv'd, for fortune's frown

“ Had robb'd her of her friends—

“ Alas to think ! when wealth is flown

“ How quickly friendship ends.

“ Within a winding glade her cot

“ Was built, secure from harms :

“ An aged mother shar'd her lot,

“ And watch'd her op'ning charms.

“ Thus, screen'd the shelt'ring thorn† beneath,

“ The primrose early grows ;

“ So, guarded by the parent leaf,

“ May's modest lily blows.

“ But ah ! her modest charms awoke

“ In me a lawless flame ;

“ And ev'ry sacred vow I broke,

“ To soil her virgin fame.

† “ Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.”

DESERTED VILLAGE.

“ My

“ My bounty cheer’d the mother’s heart,

“ And all her wants reliev’d ;

“ But ah ! the while my cruel art

“ The daughter’s love deceiv’d.

“ When oft, by moonlight, on the green,

“ The cheerful village throng

“ Desporting to the pipe were seen,

“ Or to the rustic song,

“ Then who like fair Elfrida danc’d ?

“ Who gain’d but me her hand ?

“ And who like we so fondly glanc’d

“ Of all the youthful band ?

“ It chanc’d the lord who own’d the glade

“ Had long assay’d in vain

“ (For pure and spotless was the maid)

“ Elfrida’s love to gain.

“ Like me he burn’d with lawless fires,

“ Which different did unfold :

“ I fann’d the maiden’s soft desires,

“ He tempted her with gold.

“ But when he found that wealth and pride
 “ To move her had no charms,
 “ To tempt the aged dame he tried,
 “ To sell her to his arms.

‘ Persuade,’ he said, ‘ thy child this night
 ‘ My eager love to crown,
 ‘ This cottage, and this glade, my right,
 ‘ Shall be for aye thy own.’

“ But she refus’d, with honest pride,
 “ And scorn’d the proffer’d store.
 ‘ ’Tis well,’ the angry lord replied ;
 ‘ Thou shalt repent it sore.

‘ For four long years have I forborn
 ‘ To claim my annual right,
 ‘ In pity to thy state forlorn :—
 ‘ But mark it well ere night.

‘ For soon on you my steward here,
 ‘ By my command shall wait.’
 “ He said, and turn’d with frown severe ;
 “ Nor did his anger ’bate ;

“ For

“ For ah ! full soon the steward came ;

“ Nor would he brook delay,

“ But to a prison forc'd the dame,

“ To pine in grief away.

“ That day, the annual sports to see

“ Of merry harvest-home,

“ Did fair Elfrida stray with me,

“ And thro' the meadows roam.

“ But when, at eve return'd, she found

“ Her parent's hapless plight,

“ The roses on her cheek she drown'd

“ In pity's gems so bright.

“ To soothe the maid, I instant flew

“ To set her parent free,

“ Unheedful of the dusky dew

“ Which wet the darkling lea.

“ But not releas'd could be the dame

“ Until returning morn ;

“ So back return'd I, as I came,

“ To cheer the maid forlorn.

“ When now towards the cot I drew,

“ Her cries assail'd my ear :

“ I started at the sound, and flew

“ To learn her cause of fear.

“ There did I spy the ruffian lord,

“ Elfrida in his arms.—

“ He strove, without her free accord,

“ To rifle all her charms.

“ But soon to earth I fell'd the loon,

“ And eas'd the maiden's fears ;

“ And, driving him the cottage, soon

“ I kiss'd away her tears.

“ But ah ! what guilt can equal mine ?

“ E'en then, while in her eyes

“ Love, gratitude, and sorrow shine,

“ I seize the blushing prize.

“ I press—I triumph o'er her heart.

“ Ah me ! how oft my soul,

“ Repenting of the cruel part,

“ Has pin'd in useleſs dole !

“ To

“ To drown reflection’s voice I tri’d

“ In riot’s noisy bow’rs :

“ In banquets of lascivious pride

“ Consuming all my hours ;

“ Till dissipation’s wild excess

“ Had wasted all my store ;

“ Then stung by anguish and distress,

“ I here the world forswore.

“ But ah ! my anguish grew so great,

“ I could no more endure,

“ And so resolv’d to seek my fate,

“ And ease by death procure.

“ On death resolv’d this night I stood

“ Beside the neighb’ring lake,

“ When late you rent with cries the wood,

“ Which did my purpose break.

“ By this adventure taught in time,

“ Self-slaughter I’ll forego,

“ And seek to wipe away my crime,

“ By warding others woe.

“ Nor

“ Nor should the guiltiest wretch, I see,
 “ Despairing seek the grave,
 “ Since he, thro’ heav’n, the means may be
 “ Wrong’d innocence to save.

“ Then in this shade will I remain,
 “ To lend the wretched aid,
 “ And rapine’s lawless tribe restrain,
 “ Till life, or strength’s decay’d.”

“ These vows,” replied the elder fair,
 “ Proceed from thy distress.
 “ Soon from this gloom would’st thou repair,
 “ Should smiling fortune bles.

“ Then Hermit, hear what, free from art,
 “ With blushes I propose:
 “ Accept my hand, accept my heart;
 “ I’ll end at once thy woes.

“ For lands and riches do I hold,
 “ And golden stores also;
 “ These shall be his whose hand so bold
 “ Preserv’d me late from woe.”

“ Oh

“ Oh pardon, fair one!” Rowland spake,

“ But never will I more

“ Of love, or love’s delights, partake;

“ But Elfrid’ I’ll deplore:

“ For Elfrid’s now an empty shade;

“ Broke is her tender heart:

“ Then here I’ll weep the injur’d maid,

“ Nor ever more depart.”

Her veil she drew, as this she hear’d,

And all her charms display’d—

It was Elfrida’s self appear’d—

Elfrida of the glade.

The lover stood awhile amaz’d,

Then caught her to his breast;

Again in speechless rapture gaz’d;

Again as fondly prest.

“ And do I hold thee to my heart,

“ Elfrida, yet once more?

“ Can’t thou forgive my cruel art,

“ And Rowland’s peace restore?”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, yes; my Rowland to my heart

“ I gladly will restore;

“ Nor will I from the world depart,

“ Or think of convents more.”

Her words more sweet his bosom cheer
 Than larks that soar on high,
 When to the weary wanderers ear
 They speak the morning nigh.

“ Nor mourn,” said she, “ thy fortune fled;

“ For late a kinsman near

“ Did call me to his dying bed,

“ And name me for his heir.

“ He mourn’d that he, with cruel spite,

“ Had let me pine so long;

“ And said he could not rest his sprite

“ Till I forgave the wrong.

“ Sweet rest his soul, in endless peace;

“ While we united prove

“ The joys, which but in death shall cease,

“ That flow from mutual love.”

THE ZEPHYRS.

TALE THE FIRST.

SPORTING o'er a smiling bow'r
 Gay with ev'ry vernal dye,
 Rich with every scented flow'r,
 Two familiar zephyrs fly :

Ariel that the zephyr's name,
 And the soft Amato this ;
 None who cool the noon-tide flame
 Breathe so sweet the temp'ring bliss.

“ Tell me, brother,” Ariel cries,
 “ How thy soft delicious gale
 “ Mine in sweetness so outvies—
 “ Richer flow'rs you can't exhale.

“ Lovely

“ Lovely rose, as I pass by,
 “ Turns to me her blushing lip ;
 “ Violet greets me with a sigh ;
 “ Lily’s fragrant soul I sip.

“ These, enamour’d all of me,
 “ All their treasur’d sweetness yield.
 “ Say what blossoms breathe for thee,
 “ That my sweets are thus excell’d ?”

With a smile, he thus replies :

“ I round lovely Delia fly ;
 “ Watch her breasts, and when they rise
 “ Press her lips, and catch the sigh.”

THE ZEPHYRS,

TALE THE SECOND.

DROOPING on a mossy bank,
 Odorus the zephyr lay;
 Round about the bushes dank
 Mourn'd their dews not brush'd away.

Sportive Ariel, brisk and light,
 Flitting to the river's side,
 Saw, and stopp'd awhile his flight,
 His untoward sloth to chide.

“ Lazy son of vernal air,
 “ Dost thou thus in sloth recline,
 “ Whilst forlorn thy slighted care
 “ For the wish'd refreshment pine?”

G

“ Chide

“ Chide not,” sighing, Odor cries,

“ For I droop by Cupid’s pow’r :

“ Aura sweet my suit denies ; —

“ Aura of yon jasmine bow’r.

“ She to whom fair Flora gave

“ All its mantling sprays to guide,

“ From unwholesome blights to save,

“ Wake its bloom and scented pride.”

“ Silly zephyr, rise, I say,”

Smiling Ariel made reply ;

“ Brush these idle dews away,

“ Then to gentle Aura fly.

“ Yet again her breast assail,

“ Nor for one denial droop ;

“ Frequent vows at last prevail.

“ Gentle Odor rise and hope.”

Lightly from each circling bush

Odor brush’d the lazy dew,

Fanning wak’d each roses blush,

And to gentle Aura flew.

She with open arm receiv'd,
 And with kisses met his kiss ;
 All his tender fears reliev'd,
 Melting in extatic bliss.

“ Why,” he said, “ did Aura chide,
 “ Yester noon, her love away ?”
 “ Grief had seiz'd me,” she replied,
 “ Worms had kill'd my fav'rite spray.

“ But to-day has happy been
 “ Ev'ry tendril to improve ;
 “ Pleasure therefore smooths my mien,
 “ And my soul's attun'd to love.”

Thus it is with all the sex :
 Slaves to ev'ry varying wind,
 They their lovers please or vex
 As by chance or whim inclin'd.

THE ZEPHYRS.

TALE THE THIRD.

“ PRETTY youth, whose painted wings
 “ Glitter in the noon-tide ray,
 “ From whose motion coolness springs,
 “ Tempering soft the glowing day !

“ Whether now, in happy hour,
 “ Briskly flitting thro’ the air,
 “ Dost thou all this scented shew’r,
 “ All these vernal treasures bear ?

“ Blushing roses, jasmine white,
 “ Primrose sweet, and violet blue,
 “ Mantling woodbine, lily bright,
 “ Cowslip yielding honied dew.

These,

“ These, to form a secret bow'r,
 “ Dost thou happy zephyr bear;
 “ Where thou may'st recline an hour
 “ With some lov'd and loving fair?”

On a fleecy cloud reclining,
 Gaily tipt with Phœbus' ray,
 (Bright above, the welkin shining)
 Thus did zephyr Aura say:

“ Gentle fair, whose sweeter sigh
 “ Fans so oft the verdant grove,”
 Odor softly made reply,
 “ No such bliss I'm doom'd to prove;

“ But to yonder fountain fair,
 “ Fring'd with mossy verdure dank,
 “ With these flow'rets I repair,
 “ Gay to deck the smiling bank.

“ For anon will Damon there,
 “ Happy Damon! happy ground!
 “ Meet his Delia, smiling fair!—
 “ Flora then should bloom around.”

“ Needles toil,” she thus replies;

“ Soon as e'er the lovely maid

“ Meets her Damon's longing eyes,

“ Flora there will seem display'd.

“ Ev'ry hue that paints the spring,

“ Ev'ry soft perfume of May,

“ Smile but Cupid—pleasure's king !

“ Raptur'd fancy can pourtray.

“ Leave then, leave the needless toil.—

“ Mark yon roses red and white,

“ And yon woodbines, how they smile,

“ Twining close in sweet delight.

“ What a pleasant bower they make,

“ Closely knit on either side ?

“ Scarce a sun-beam thro' can break—

“ Thro' the blooms and scented pride.

“ Thither let us then repair,

(“ For no zephyrs there attend)

“ Be its inmost shade our care,

“ Which from blights we will defend.

“ Pity

“ Pity such a smiling bower
 “ Should for lack of tending pine,
 “ Drooping 'fore the noon-tide pow'r :
 “ Let us, Odor, there recline.”

Thus ambiguous speaks the fair ;
 Odor answers with a smile ;
 To the bower they swift repair—
 Laughing Love admir'd the wile.

Pendant o'er a dimpled tide
 Hung its only entrance free ;
 Closely wove was either side ;—
 What they did could no one see.

Happy zephyrs, vagrants blest !
 Ye unharmed indulge in joy ;
 Yield to soft desires the breast,
 Free from guilt or fear's annoy.

But ye maids of mortal mould,
 How ye trust to man beware,
 Where the bowery shades enfold :—
 Dangerous 'tis for you, ye fair.

And

And from each ambiguous word
 Guard, oh guard your blushing lips:
 Censure watches still abroad,
 Catching all that idly slips.

Lewdness hence may hope conceive,
 And your virtues fall essay;
 Chaste esteem the fault will grieve,
 Stretch her wings, and haste away.

Treasure this remark ye fair :
 “ Actions chaste will not suffice ;
 “ Words and looks the stamp must bear
 “ Of modest caution, scrup'lous, nice :
 “ Virtue wanton words impair,
 “ And to actions lewd entice.”

THE METAMORPHOSES.
A FAIREY TALE.

WHEN elfins on the moonlight mead,
Full eft beside the tinkling stream,
Were wont the mystick dance to lead,
And gladsome hail the yellow beam,
'Twas then, if legends truly tell,
That this adventure strange befel.

WHAT time the moon her ruddy look
Had dofft, and ta'en her silver sheen,
And dancing on the glitterand brook
Her beamy rays were trembling seen,
A youth, deep shent with hopeless love,
Did by the dappled streamlet rove.

May seem he wot not where he hied,
For drooping hung his doleful head,
His arms were cross'd, and eft he sigh'd,
And thus full eft he mournful said :
“ Ah bright Egwina ! cruel fair !
“ Why wilt thou leave me to despair ? ”

As

As thus he rov'd, a tinkling sound
 Awak'd him from his walking dream,
 A dapper train the youth surround
 Of tripping fays who haunt the stream.
 " Aread and quick," the monarch said,
 " Why dost thou thus our haunts invade ?

 " Know'st not that where o'er pebbled beds
 " The winding streamlet babbling falls,
 " What time the moon her lustre sheds,
 " Her train the sov'ran Ouphant calls
 " Their nimble sports around to make ?
 " Why didst thou then our gambols break ?

 " But truly speak : for should a lie—
 " A single lie escape thy lip,
 " All night shalt thou unpitied sigh,
 " Tormented by a nettle whip ;
 " And prickly thorns, and thistles eke,
 " Thy bed shall strew, thy slumbers break :
 " Inte

“ Into thy mouth, what time thou moan’st,

“ An ouphe shall devil’s-dung infil;

“ And every time thou loudly groan’st,

“ The nettle whip shall do thee ill;

“ And up thy legs shall beetles crawl,

“ And evets from the mouldering wall.”

“ Oh monarch !” said the trembling wight,

“ To thee I will the truth declare,

“ Or may each torment on me light

“ Which elfin magick can prepare.

“ A youth I am, whom pining love

“ Did cause unweeting thus to rove.

“ Sir Egbert of the green am I,

“ Who efttimes in the listed fight

“ Was wont the tilting lance to ply,

“ And prove in war my mickle might ;

“ And eft I wont the woods to trace,

“ With bow in hand the wolf to chace.

“ My

" My derring-does afar were spread—
 " But ah those deeds are now no more ;
 " For love has damp'd my hardyhead :
 " I proud Egwina's scorn deplore.
 " The bright Egwina of the grove
 " My person flouts and slightes my love.

 " Albe the titled dames around
 " Declare how foote my sonnets been !
 " Albe 'tis by the hamlet own'd
 " There's none so bounteous on the green ;
 " Yet, for my person is uncouth,
 " She slightes my love, she scorns my truth.

 " Albeit that my serving train
 " Proclaim I bear a gentle mind,
 " Albe't, ere love did mirth restrain,
 " Was none to pleasaunce more inclin'd ;
 " Yet—for my person is uncouth,
 " She heeds not that my mind is smooth.
 " What

“ What time with sighs, or trembling tear,

“ Her cruel heart I seek to move,

“ With wanton jest and bitter jeer,

“ Her taunting words my shape reprove;

“ And when love’s softest arts I try,

“ She bids me cease to look awry.

“ Then pardon, fays, a hapless wight,

“ Who, all unkenning where he stray’d,

“ Bewailing his untoward plight,

“ Did thus your sacred haunts invade:

“ Nor let a flighted lover gain

“ The hatred of the ouphant train.”

“ Ah doff thy fear Sir Egbert soon,”

With smiles replied the elfin queen,

“ For thou shalt bless the happy moon

“ That lit thee to this fairey scene:

“ And soon shall proud Egwina see,

“ Who plainness scoffs shall plainer be.

" Eftsoons shall she the haughty fair
 " With ardent love for Egbert burn :
 " As thou do'st now, shall she despair,
 " Nor shall you deign her love return ;
 " For they who mock at others woe,
 " 'Tis fit the same mishap should know."

Then turning to her swiftest elve,
 She bade him to the night-mare go,
 And prick her from her fenny delve,
 To work on proud Egwina woe ;
 And her upon the squab fiend lay,
 And jerk her there without delay.

The elve obedient stretcht his wing,
 And swift to Lincoln's fens arriv'd,
 And marking round a mystick ring,
 The ground unclos'd, and down he div'd :
 In shorter time he there did flit
 Than I have been relating it.

There

There stretch'd upon the foggy swamp,
 Where toads and evets crawl around,
 And breathing eft a murky damp,
 The fiend deform'd asleep he found ;
 While Will-o'-wisps, with anticks strange,
 Did round the dungeon trembling range.

And ever did adown distill
 Unwholesome damps and aguish dew,
 Which numb'd the breast with baneful chill,
 And ran the trembling sinews thro'.
 Then did the elve the fiend awake,
 And thus, with oafish stare, she spake :

“ What would'ft thou, Puck, that I should do ?
 “ What is thy queen's supreme command ?
 “ Who now must Mab's resentment rue ?
 “ Who let her milk-dish empty stand ?
 “ Or who hath hateful nightshade spread
 “ Around the place she loves to tread ?

“ Or hath some pair with love obscene

“ Of late her sacred haunts defil’d ?

“ And must I gripe the wanton quean,

“ And sore appay the losel vild ?

“ Or must I, from my doltish dug

“ Some infant milking him beslug ?”

“ Thou must with all thy swiftness move,”

Quoth elfin Puck, “ and work thy spight

“ On fair Egwina of the grove,

“ And bring her to my mistress’ sight ;

“ For she hath done Sir Egbert wrong :

“ Then flit away, nor be you long.”

Away they flitted. As they fled,

The fiend from cypress brush’d the dews,

And chilling drops from willows shed,

And damps that wash the baleful yews ;

And froth of toads, and serpents tears

She gather’d in her shaggy ears.

Then

Then came they to the fair-one's bed,

Where they her sleeping charms survey'd :

One snowy arm beneath her head,

And one below her paps was laid :

May seem her dreams were sweet the while,

For on her face she wore a smile.

Then first the night-mare o'er her shook,

Upon her breast, the baleful dew,

And with her hoof her bosom strook,

That black the fading beauties grew ;

Then Puck across the goblin threw

The stiffen'd maid, and off they flew.

Meanwhile, conducted by the queen,

Sir Egbert sought the fairey-hall,

Where thousand lamps with trembling sheen

Reflecting 'lumed the crystal wall.

Of shells was built the ouphant throne,

And colour'd glass that gaily shone.

And ever with a babbling sound
 A limpid fountain thence did well,
 And pour its mazy streams around,
 And water all the royal cell :
 On this the fays would dance so neat,
 And scarcely wet their nimble feet.

And now they circle Egbert round,
 And thrice they drench him in the tide,—
 Which him with sudden dread astound—
 And three times thrice they round him glide ;
 And thrice they whirl their spells on high ;
 Then louting low away they fly.

All this perform'd, his sallow face
 Assumes the roses brightest glow ;
 His awkward limbs acquire a grace ;
 His length'ning locks in ringlets flow :
 He views him on the streamlet's brim,
 While manly grace adorns each limb.

Ere long a foul, deformed maid,
 With visage thin, and goggling eyes,
 Approach'd him, and his form survey'd
 With mingled rapture and surprize :
 She fondly gaz'd, she seiz'd his hand,
 And woo'd with words and actions bland.

But he her shunn'd with all his might,
 And turn'd with pitying look away.
 Then thus bespoke a fairey wight :
 " Egwina there thou dost survey ;
 " Condemn'd for aye to pine and mourn
 " At once her charms and heart forlorn.

" But thou to fair Elgiva turn,
 " Whose heart has long been thine alone.
 " How must she now with ardour burn,
 " Whose gen'rous love before was shewn ?
 " Thy mind before did her enthral ;
 " She now will love thee all in all."

This

This counsel Egbert well obey'd,
And sought and won Elgiva's hand ;
Since when, by valley, hill, or shade,
Was none so blest thro' all the land.
Reader, may thee such bliss attend !
So please you here my tale I end.

THE

THE
SEDUCER;
OR,
DAMON AND AMANDA;
A
POEM,
In Five Cantos;
WITH A
PREFATORY ESSAY
ON THE
Crime and Consequences of Seduction.

EDUCATION

ACADEMIA

ARTS

YARD

Chancery College of St. John's

PREFATORY ESSAY.

WITH what kind of a reception the following Poem will meet from the world it is not possible for me to judge; but I am inclined to fear it will never be so high in estimation as I am prompted to wish by my zeal for the united cause of virtue and beauty; whose injuries it was intended to prevent, whose happiness to protect, and whose wounded peace to restore. But, whatever be the fate of this child of my fancy, I shall have one pleasure which, though publick approbation might increase, the neglect of the world cannot destroy. I shall reflect, with self-conscious satisfaction, that I have endeavoured well in a good cause. For to endeavour to display the vice of seduction in its proper colours, and hold it forth to universal detestation, and at the same time to reprobate the too

pre-

prevalent conduct of parents towards their unfortunate daughters, were my principal motives for writing the following legend: though at the same time I flatter myself some other reflections, not unimportant to the cause of morality, will naturally arise from it. Unadorned as the ideas may be wherewith my feelings supply me on this occasion, I trust they may make some impression on the minds of my readers. And should they awaken the efforts of persons whose superior abilities may secure them a more general attention, I shall be happy to find that the cause of morality has been ultimately benefited by my artless labours.

Is there a man who to a heart which vibrates to the tender touches of sensibility, adds a mind exalted by genius and refined by learning? Where could such a man find a subject more worthy of his attention, or more calculated for the display of his abilities? For me, the little power I possess I shall exert with pleasure in endeavouring to shield those who might be endangered from the attacks of seduction, and in pleading the cause

cause of those who have already fallen victims to its artifices. The seducer I shall ever seriously reprobate, and condemn with equal severity the parent who abandons his unfortunate offspring. For of all crimes, murder itself not excepted, I conceive deliberate seduction, with an intention to desert, to be one of the worst: and at the same time I must declare myself of opinion that the parent who abandons his seduced and deserted child is equally guilty with the seducer himself. That these practices are very common, nothing more is necessary to prove than to observe the number of well educated women who are reduced to earn a wretched subsistence by indiscriminate incontinence. For it is not to be supposed they would, without temptation, leave the halcyon path where peace, virtue, and honour reside, and launch with a willing bark on this dangerous ocean, infested with want, disease and shame. No, deceitful man, with oaths and protestations, draws them from the shores of innocence, and, under pretence of piloting them to the land of felicity, plunges them into this ocean of anguish and distress: as the cruel Spaniards tempted the

unsuspecting Americans on board their ships, under pretence of wafting them to the mansions of the blessed; and, when they had thus trepanned them, sold them for slaves at Hispaniola; there, instead of revelling in delight, to groan forth their last in misery, chains and bondage. Thus left to the fury of the tempest, it is in vain that the deluded females attempt to return; for their inhuman parents shut up the ports of compassion, and exclude them for ever from the shores of contrition, and the retreats of peace.

I believe every one will readily allow that indiscriminate incontinence has of late years risen to a very alarming head; and that its evil consequences are equally numerous, various, and shocking. Nay, for my own part, I will venture to assert, that there is no species of abuse which cries louder for a speedy and effectual prevention. But I fear the prevention of it is not in the power of human laws or authority. Surely then every one who possesses the principles of Christianity, philanthropy, or patriotism, will endeavour, as much as lays in his power, to curb the growth

of

of this enormous weed ; which, like the deadly nightshade, is not content to spread with a luxuriant deformity over the beauteous garden of human nature ; but wherever it displays its baneful exuberances, fraught with every contaminating poison, choaks the fair flowers of blooming virtue, and annihilates every seed of probity, truth, and sensibility. Health it devours, reputation it destroys, and it blasts morality and decency. By preventing population, it saps the constitution of its very vigour, strength, and activity. And when I take a nocturnal survey of this metropolis, and see it illuminated and gaudy with brothels and prostituted wretches, tricked and fangled with the glaring trappings, and tinsel ornaments of perdition ;—ornaments which are purchased by the commission of every shameful and abandoned vice ; by the loss of health and happiness, body and soul ;—I cannot but compare it to an ancient forest ; which, covered in the winter by the mantling fibres of the wanton ivy, is blasted and destroyed by its own luxuriant and untimely verdure.

Nothing so strongly awakens in my mind the united feelings of grief and horror as a contemplation of the fate of these unhappy wretches. I rather consider them as wrecked on the shores of vice by faithless pilots, than steered thither by their own inclinations. And had fortune showered her favours on my head, there is no kind of wretchedness I should so much endeavour to relieve, as this of which I am now speaking. For of all the children of misfortune, doomed in this world to drink of the bitter cup of affliction, there are, perhaps, none the peculiar hardships, and unmerited cruelty of whose situations, give them so large a claim upon our compassion as these deluded fair-ones. They are indeed most wretched. Having been tempted, by the soft and insinuating gales of love and flattery, to quit the bowers of peace, and launch on the troubled ocean of desire in quest of felicity, their treacherous pilots have wrecked them on the rocks of destruction, and overwhelmed them in the quicksands of shame and perdition. And yet I believe there are none who enjoy so little commiseration; or the horrors of whose fate so seldom awaken

awaken the tender emotions of pity in our hearts. The rigid puritan, whose torpid constitution prevents her from falling a victim to a passion, too warm, and too tender for her conceptions, loads them with invectives. The happier fair-ones, the unamiableness of whose qualifications, the elevation of whose fortunes, or the kindness of whose stars have preserved them from the like temptations—and above all, the fortunate frail one whose impurity has never been exposed to the fatal eye of detection, take an inhuman pride in reprobating these deluded daughters of despair; and vainly think to build trophies to their own honour, by plunging their unfortunate sisters down the precipices of temporal and eternal ruin. And even that very sex to whom they owe their destruction, with remorseless cruelty, inflict the poor wretches with every unmanly species of barbarity. In vain the abandoned mourner stretches forth her supplicating hands ! in vain her pressing wants call loudly for relief ! nor can her agonies awake our pity. Famine is thought worthy of no alleviation when it inflicts her ; and disease, though in its most horrid shape, calls not the tear of

compassion into our eyes when it preys upon her vitals.

If there is a season when I am inclined to murmur at fortune for having averted from me the sunshine of her countenance, it is when reflections of this nature disturb my mind. I then cannot but lament, that I am curst to pity where I cannot relieve. This is perhaps, of all distresses, the keenest which a bosom, not conscious of any atrocious crime, can possibly experience.

As it was not in my power to relieve such as were, already, reduced to misery and shame, I resolved to exert all the little ability I was master of to preserve others from falling into the same hapless situation. With this design the following tale was written. I have endeavoured, in the first place, to paint the distracting agonies which must rend the seducer's mind when reflection, which cannot sleep for ever, shall place in a proper light the unparalleled barbarity of a deliberate seduction; and the horror and remorse which must

must naturally be produced by a catastrophe far less dreadful, when properly considered, than what is generally the fate of the deserted fair-one. In the next place, I have endeavoured to convince the fair, that neither virtue nor prudence can at all times secure the tender and affectionate object of the seducer's artifices. They will I think be convinced by this tale, that there may be some situations, and some seasons, even in the most chaste and prudent life, when an artful, accomplished, and insinuating villain, conscious of having gained the affection of the unsuspecting female, may, while caution is laid asleep, find means to triumph over the unguarded heart. This consideration, I hope, will induce the happy fair-one, whose foot never deviated from the line of chastity, to treat the deluded unfortunate with less severity. And I am convinced the contempt and reproaches, with which one false step is always attended, frequently prevents a return to virtue: and the conviction that reputation and respect are for ever lost, drives the distracted wretch down the precipice of vice: a precipice which has been often painted as gay and smiling; but

but which is, in this respect, no less dreary to the view and painful to the step than fatal in its tendency. But above all, it was my wish properly to represent the unnatural, and ridiculous barbarity, too common in parents, of abandoning their daughters to misery and want at a time when they most need the fostering aid of parental affection; and exposing them to all the snares and temptations of vice, because they have been unfortunate, or at worst imprudent: for there are, I believe, few or no cases in which the first departure from chastity ought to be attributed to levity, wantonness, or immorality. Nay, and even if this were the case, it is the part of a parent, to use every means to reclaim the offender, and bring back the wanderer to the forsaken path of honour and virtue. How unparent-like—how unchristian-like is it to punish the first offence with implacable resentment, bar the doors of repentance, and precipitate the offender into the deepest abyss of guilt.

Among the various productions which have been written on the subjects of seduction and prosti-

prostitution, I do not remember to have met with any in which this unnatural conduct of the parent has been sufficiently reprobated. Yet if we consider the temptations and motives by which both are stimulated, we shall perhaps be inclined to think the conduct of the father worse than that of the seducer: as the love of pleasure is more excusable than the thirst of revenge; and the indulgence of a haughty rage less pardonable than the gratification of the emotions of desire. Besides, that violent passions, and want of proper reflection are less tolerable in age than in youth. On the other hand, if we consider the means made use of, and the aggravations attending the perpetration of their different crimes, I believe the seducer must be considered as most guilty. Thus, the seducer ruins the fair under the hypocritical mask of affection; the parent completes her ruin confessedly through resentment. The father acts hastily, through the instantaneous dictates of rage; the seducer with premeditated deliberation. The lover, by deserting the woman whose generous affection threw her into his power, adds the blackest ingratitude to his other vices;

which

which cannot be said of the father: the ties of gratitude naturally laying on the other side.

These, and some other reflections on the crime and consequences of deliberate seduction, will I think justify me in declaring it to be worse than murder. And this will perhaps very plainly appear if we consider it under the three following heads: With regard to the injured female; with regard to her family; and with regard to the community.

Let us then, in the first place, consider the heinousness of the crime, as, in its consequences, it affects the poor abandoned and deserted female, who, from innocence and respectability, perhaps from affluence, is reduced to beggary, contempt and vice, by a dissimulating villain, under the mask of the warmest affection and most generous intentions.

Survey then the unhappy object of the seducer's artifices in the different stages of her life. Picture her, my gentle reader, first to your imagination, while modest beauty blushes on her cheek;

cheek; while sensibility informs her eye; and spotless virtue every thought pervades. See on her shoulder hangs the loving sister; while the hoary matron, sitting near, beholds her with the fond exultations of maternal pride; and the doating father, almost doubled with age and infirmity, lifts up his feeble eyes, sparkling, and reinvigorated with every transport, to view the beauteous prop of his declining years. Ah! little dreams he that a treacherous lover, with tears and plaintive accents awakening her compassion, shall draw her from his hoary side; and having thus, like the dissimulating crocodile, with acted anguish, brought the lovely child of tenderness and sensibility into his power, shall, with devouring cruelty, tear from her heart peace, innocence, honour, and felicity.

Behold her now, stript of the brightest jewel of her dower, wandering about a wretched outcast from the paternal hearth, once seat of every joy; abandoned by her friends, and by the world despised. The ruffian blast, to which her tender form was never before exposed, now assaults her with its bitterest violence. Hunger and want,
before

before unknown to her, approach her with extended jaws; till distress obliges her to yield her loathing charms to the embraces of indiscriminate incontinence, for the sake of a scanty and uncomfortable subsistence—a subsistence it is likely she will not long want: for, alas! disease and anguish must soon put a period to her wretched existence.

Must not imagination sicken at the reflection of her altered state, when we picture to ourselves the unhappy object, a prey to torture, want, and anguish, forcing an affected smile upon a face where famine and disease have fixed their callous marks, where misery has deeply engraven her name, and where the hand of art in vain endeavours to ape the flush of health, and cover the defects occasioned by grief and unsatisfied hunger?—Think you see this poor wretch cloaking the anguish of her heart, and making a fruitless endeavour to produce some small share of vivacity into her eyes, which are deadened and sunk by the horrors of her fate. Think also that all her affected blandishments are perhaps returned by the bar.

barbarous buffetings of iron-hearted bullies, or the sportive ferocity of some drunken rake, who, to shew his valour, or crown with a frolic the debauch of the night, spurns with his brutal heel the unhappy wretch, whom perhaps one of his own profligate companions, with the assistance of his counsel and instructions, reduced to her present situation, from a state of competence, honour, and felicity.

What heart so hard, that it does not bleed; what eye so destitute of tenderness, that it does not drop a tear at this melancholy picture! Where is now the sister, that used to hang so fondly round her graceful neck? Alas! that sister now, with scorn, abhorrence, and reproach, disowns the adopted child of misery; and should she supplicate the smallest alleviation for her pressing wants, would spurn her with an insolent indignation, inspired by a superiority of virtue, from the fraternal door: though perhaps that boasted superiority is but the consequence of adventitious circumstances. Where is now the doating father, and exulting mother? Perhaps, the day that gave

to shame the blooming daughter's charms, sent the broken-hearted parents to a timeless grave.

Language would fail ere I could recite all the tortures of the unhappy wretches. I will not therefore attempt to paint what they must suffer from the extortions of infamous bawds ; the mercenary brutality of unfeeling constables and watchmen, or of those venal stains to humanity, trading justices. I will not bring to your view the straw bed, with scarce a rug to cover it ; the roofless garret, or the bridewell lash. Neither will I harrow up your feelings by a description of the last excruciating pangs of triumphant disease ; nor rack your imaginations on the torturing wheel of unavailing sensibility, by delineating the death-bed pangs of want ; or, what is still worse, the expiring tortures of a poor wretch, without a bed to lie on, groaning forth her last upon a bulk, or meeting her dissolution, amidst the howling inclemencies of a winter's night, on the marble steps of her seducer's door.*

* Near her betrayer's door she lays her head.

GOLDSMITH.

Thus

Thus we see, the seducer is in fact a murderer,—the worst of murderers, an assassin ; a mean assassin, whose abominable artifices mingle poison in the tempting cup of pleasure, to destroy the deluded wretch by slow degrees, but with excessive tortures. And, more to aggravate the crime, let us consider whose hand administers the fatal cup. Is the destroyer an avowed and injured enemy ? No : but one whose specious wiles, whose perjuries, and pretended affection, drew into his power a poor, generous, and unsuspecting woman, whose only faults were pity and gratitude, whose only folly having a better opinion of him than he deserved ; and whose last pangs are rendered doubly severe by the recollection of his ingratitude, whom, spite of his cruelty, she still adores.—Called I him an assassin ? Alas ! alas ! how feeble is the description ? Nor earth, nor hell can find a term sufficiently expressive to bespeak his guilt. To the blackest crime for which man has found a name, he adds the infernal guilt of the prince of fiends : assassins are content to destroy the body ; devils wish but to destroy the

soul ; but he surpasses both, and at once murders the one, and damns the other.

In the next place, let us consider the misery and shame seduction brings on the family of the unfortunate girl.

Think of the unhappy father, whose grey hairs lately commanded reverence and respect, but which now, rent by his own feeble hands, partly shade his hoary face, deformed by anguish, stained with tears, and covered with the burning blush of shame,—a blush which his own unblemished life had hitherto kept a stranger to his cheek. Perhaps, he goes down untimely to the grave, broken-hearted, or destroyed by his own frantic hand : or, driven by despair to madness, chained to the floor of a bedlam, breathes forth his distraught soul in howlings unintelligible, and unmeaning execrations. — The mother too, the venerable partner of his faithful bed, in all the frantic agonies of grief, execrates the fatal hour she gave birth to a wretch, born to be the disgrace

of

of her family. The rest of her tender relatives, thinking themselves dishonoured by her fall, deplore the event in all the wild excesses of anguish and confusion. Had she fallen at once beneath a murderer's hand, the praise of her virtues, the esteem and commiseration of affectionate friends, had consoled them for her loss. But where, alas ! where must they now seek for comfort or consolation ? The pitying friend recalls the blush of shame, and the face of every acquaintance renews their anguish. The garish eye of day awakens them to reflect with shame on their dishonoured house ; and the silence of night, and once soft embraces of repose, only return to give fancy an opportunity of aggravating, with visionary evils, their real miseries.

Thus I think I may venture to pronounce the vice of seduction, in this respect also, superior in turpitude to that of murder.

But if the injuries and miseries of individuals are not sufficient to convince us of the unparalleled enormity of this vice, let us take a short

survey of the public calamities it occasions. He who commits a murder robs his country of a subject, and there the evil, with regard to the community, ends,—unless indeed it be said that the loss of his own life is another evil, which does not deserve refutation. But he who seduces a woman, and abandons her, promotes an evil which has no end ; for, as the parents generally by their conduct complete the ruin which the seducer thus begins, the women thus abandoned contribute to the corruption of the rising generation. Necessity obliges them to spread the lures of vice for the unwary hearts of thoughtless youths. By the fascination of their proffered charms, they debauch the young heart ; corrupt the manners by their indecencies ; destroy the morals by their impieties ; and vitiate the taste by continual variety. Can we be surprized that men thus corrupted, either totally neglect the matrimonial engagement, or, what is still worse, enter into it without any intention of revering its sacred laws. Scorning the restraint of a single object, and satiated with the enjoyment of hacknied beauties, they themselves essay the arts of seduction in their

turn ;

turn ; and the sisters, the daughters, and the wives of their best friends, are frequently the victims of their unruly passions. Thus, as the causes produce the effects, the effects multiply the causes, and the causes the effects again, and so on in an endless succession ; nor, if it is thus left unregarded and unrestrained, can any end be hoped to the increase of this vice, till debility closes at once the scenes of debauchery and population.

This is indeed a dismal, but it is also too faithful a representation of the fatal consequences of seduction, as the effects of it operate upon the higher and middle orders of the community. To learn the effects of it among the lower ranks of the people, consult the Newgate calendar ; think of the alarming frequency of public executions, which disgrace this metropolis, and cast a kind of gloomy cloud over the reign of an indulgent monarch, whose love of mercy has long shone superior among his innumerable virtues,

“ Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.”*

* Vide Pope’s Homer’s Odyssey.

Behold

Behold the crowded gaols, the full crammed hospitals, the groaning gibbet, the streets lined with beggary and decrepitude, the transport fraught with desperadoes, who, having forfeited by their infamous actions all claim to the comforts and protection of civilized society, are now going to tame a savage soil, and dig their sustenance from the bowels of that earth, which the spade never yet wounded, or the plough laid open. These will discover, better than my feeble efforts can, the dreadful havocks of prostitution, that hydra-headed offspring of female seduction.

In short, this is the vice which, in my humble opinion, above all others, by its cruelty, injures innocent individuals; and, by its fatal influence, corrupts morality, poisons domestic happiness, and involves the state in innumerable calamities.

These considerations appear to me sufficient to justify my opinion, that whether seduction is considered as an injury to an individual, a family calamity, or a public mischief, it is every way worse than

even

even murder itself. . What opinion then are we to form of the man who coolly and deliberately plunges into this vice ? What opinion are we to form of him ? Why, that he would cut throats, stab his brother while asleep, hide his murdering poignard in the heart of his best friend, if he did not dread the chastisement of the executioner, or the condemnation of the world.—Let then the accomplished villains who perpetrate such diabolical actions, no more be cared for and honoured with the glittering appellations of “ men of spirit and “ gallantry.” Let every man of true virtue and sensibility unite in the cause of beauty, of innocence, and of humanity ; and, if a cause still stronger can be named, in the cause of his country, to drive these villains from society, and banish them from the pale of humanity. Let them fly to the deserts, and seek for dispositions congenial to their own ; range with the cruel hyæna, * “ *lurk with the scoundrel fox, and grunt with “ glutton swine.*” But even these animals are compassionate, honest and generous, when compared with them.

* Beattie.

But

But to return to the Poem. The plan upon which it was formed, or rather the morals it was intended to inculcate, having rendered it my favourite, I have endeavoured more to make it worthy the attention of the public, and have bestowed more corrections on it than on any other production of my unskilful pen. And though I had great reason to disapprove of the execution when I had nearly finished it, yet, unwilling to relinquish my design, I spared neither time nor toil for its improvement. Corrections and alterations out of number have repeatedly been made, and in many places it has now quite a new appearance. But I fear, at last, it will be found with the scenes of invention, as with rural prospects. Those scenes will ever delight most which are the least laboured, and where the hand of toil has been rather used to curb the exuberances of an over-rich soil, too much prone to the wildness of extravagance, than where industry has been employed to furnish exotics, or art to alter the original face of the landscape. I will freely confess I have more apprehensions about the fate of this offspring of my imagination than of any other

other that appears in this volume: Not that I flatter myself I can discover any merit in the rest which ought to inspire me with confidence; but because I fear the defects in this should be more conspicuous. When I am inclined to flatter myself into a good opinion of this tale, I suggest that the fears and anxieties of a tender parent for the prosperity of a beloved offspring always increase in proportion with the degree of affection with which he regards it; and that the trembling solicitudes perpetually attendant on an excess of fondness will paint a thousand dangers, and conceive a thousand difficulties to bar the progress of a favourite child, which would either never be thought of, or considered as trifles, with regard to those who enjoy a smaller degree of the parental affection; though they may perhaps be less qualified to stem the torrent of opposition, bear up against the storms of misfortune, or brave the louring clouds of public disapprobation. But notwithstanding all this, I cannot help thinking that my fears, with regard to this tale, have really as much foundation in its inferiority as in the partiality of my wishes in its favour. Such however

ever as it is, I submit it to the candour of my readers, hoping the goodness of my intention will be admitted as an excuse for its imperfections. And if the SEDUCER should in the smallest degree benefit the cause of Morality, I will not quarrel with it for not procuring me any advancement towards the Temple of Fame.

THE
S E D U C E R ;
OR,
DAMON AND AMANDA.

CANTO THE FIRST.

SEDUCTION's base, insinuating wiles,
The bitter anguish of the injur'd fair,
His guilt who quits the fair-one he beguiles,
And his (the fire's) who leaves her to despair,
With all their sad effects, I fain would sing :
Affit ye nymphs of the Pierian spring !

But chiefly thou* who scorn'st to waste thy hours
With sport and revel in soft pleasure's train ;
Slight'st the deep bowl, and pastime's jocund bow'r,
Where banquets gay the social tribe detain ;
Seek'st the dejected, friendless, and opprest,
And with thy dreams becalm'st the troubled breast.

* Melpomene.

Oh plaintive virgin ! to the call appear
 Of one the meanest of the tuneful throng,
 To whom the fair and sacred muse are dear ;
 Who scorns or sacred muse or fair to wrong ;
 Whose moral strain, tho' void of graceful art,
 Shall still essay to mend the human heart.

Ah me ! I grieve my pow'r so small to find !
 I grieve to think no classic lore improv'd,
 No timely learning cultur'd in my mind
 The ray of science I so fondly lov'd !
 Yet, tho' no classic elegance adorn,
 Let none my well meant story treat with scorn.

'Tis not a tale of modern days I sing :
 The muse shall here exert her magick pow',
 And forth to view a sad adventure bring
 Which long oblivion labour'd to devour.
 Yet Saxon legends may to scorn display
 A vice too common in the present day.

Say,

Say, sad inspirer of my mournful theme!—

Rest thy slow fingers from the weeping lyre,
And say, what waken'd Damon from his dream
Of thoughtless joy? Then to thy solemn wire
My voice I'll tune, and as the numbers flow
Each sympathetic breast shall melt with woe.

For cheerless thrice had hoary winter frown'd,
And thrice had spring her bosom'd sweets display'd,
And autumn thrice had been with fruitage crown'd,
And summers three in waving gold array'd,
Since to his arts Amanda fell a prey:—
Nor had reflection crost his heedless way.

Say then how conscience woke?—The jolly spring
Now smiles benevolent of breathing sweets;
Warbles each tuneful vagrant of the wing;
The foliage thickens in the green retreats;
Gay Flora sprinkles ev'ry verdant mead,
And sportive lambs in fertile pastures feed.

Lur'd by the beauteous season of the year,
 To far Northumbria Damon bends his way,
 With young Pastorus, friendly and sincere,
 Of blameless morals, as of manners gay ;
 Virtue and sense inspir'd his manly breast,
 The Graces polish'd, and the Muses blest.

And now it chanc'd, what time the sportive sun
 To wed the rosy-bosom'd June awoke—
 From whose blest influence, when the world begun,
 The twins * had birth, while forth the violet
 [broke,
 The odorous hyacinth o'erspread the ground,
 And each sweet flow'r luxuriant smil'd around.

Now to the skies preferr'd, those twins adorn
 With clust'ring stars the azure vault above.
 To a thick wood arriv'd, that signal morn,
 The road they quit, thro' many a wild path rov'd,
 In converse bland, till they a thicket gain :
 Here a small stile obstructs a verdant lane.

* That sign of the zodiac through which the sun passes in the month of June.

A willow parted, by decaying eld,
 Just thro' the sapless centre, form'd the stile
 With pliant ozier twigs a-crofs impell'd ;
 Struck with the scene, they wond'ring gaz'd awhile;
 For some faint signs of culture here were found,
 Far different from the savage scenes around.

Their steeds they left, to rove, on foot along
 The pleasing walk, and to a bow'r arriv'd,
 The fav'rite roof of ev'ry bird of song,
 Where each gay-flow'ring shrub luxuriant thriv'd :
 From hence the various prospect open'd round ;—
 For high the bow'r was built on rising ground.

The flow'rs so fresh, which trembling in the wind,
 Shook on the mantled earth their balmy dews,
 Pastorus of a faded bloom remind,
 (Lost were its honied breath and glossy hues)
 Which at his bosom hung ; whereon the swain,
 With prompt reflection, breaths this moral strain :

“ Ill-fated flow’r ! how are thy sweets decay’d ?
 “ Where is each charm that pleas’d my ravish’d sight ?
 “ Where is the blush thy modest cheek display’d ?
 “ Where the fresh odour that could once delight ?
 “ No more you boast or breath, or colours gay !
 “ Then thus I cast thy worthless form away.

“ Yet scarce two suns have cheer’d this laughing bow’r,
 “ Where frolics Flora in luxuriant hues,
 “ And once Lucina, solemn, plaintive pow’r !
 “ Has spangl’d with her beam the yellow dews,
 “ Since, tempted by thy charms, with eager haste
 “ That form I pluckt, and in my bosom plac’d :

 “ The guardian briars that circled thee around
 “ Not long the ardour of my wish restrain’d ;
 “ Thy beauties fir’d ; the difficulties found,
 “ I soon surmounted, and the prize obtain’d.
 “ Yet I who caus’d thy ruin, now, with scorn,
 “ Cast thee to earth, unpity’d, and forlorn ! ”

With

With tearful look, then on the earth he threw
 The wither'd flow'r that sick'ned at his breast,
 While Damon's eyes the trembling tears bedew ;
 And scarce the groan of anguish he supprest—
 Nor long supprest : for memory conscience woke,
 And thus, with stifled sobs, he silence broke.

“ Alas, Amanda ! this poor blossom brings
 “ All thy sad story to my tortur'd mind.
 “ Oh, grief of heart ! the keen remembrance wrings
 “ My faithless soul, too long to justice blind.
 “ For yours surpast this flow'ret's freshest pride,
 “ Till cruel I each blushing sweet destroy'd.

“ Had Heav'n endow'd thee with a vulgar frame,
 “ Had sprightly wit ne'er sparkled in thy eyes,
 “ Thou had'st not known the pangs of grief and shame,
 “ Nor been the victim of my artful sighs :
 “ I ne'er so much had labour'd to betray,
 “ Nor scornful cast thy rifled form away.

“ What

“ What guards could virtue give, or prudence frame,

“ That did not circle sweet Amanda round ?

“ What time, what subtil projects did it claim,

“ Ere a fit scheme for my design I found ?

“ But ah ! what human pow’rs can equal prove

“ To baffle art, hypocrisy, and love ?

“ With honest seeming and pretended truth,

“ Wit ev’ry guile I cloath’d my treach’rous scheme:

“ I gain’d the faith of her incautious youth

“ With protestations of a chaste esteem ;

“ And ev’ry soft insinuation tried

“ To make her think I woo’d her for my bride.

“ When now my sighs had warm’d her virgin heart,

“ To all my vows she lent a willing ear ;

“ When now the pearly drops I shed with art

“ Call’d in her eyes the undissembled tear ;

“ And now, whene’er her hand I ardent prest,

“ Lovet ing’d her cheek, and swell’d her panting breast;

“ When

" When now, if chanc'd I met her conscious eyes
 " The downcast look of bashfulness reveal'd
 " That tender wishes in her bosom rise,
 " Which love inspir'd, but virgin shame conceal'd.
 " I seiz'd the time (industrious to betray)
 " And, weeping, begg'd my fortune she'd display :

" If yet my ardent passion might presume
 " To hope from lov'd Amanda some return,
 " Or black despair's all comfort-killing gloom,
 " Decreed my ashes to a timeless urn ?
 " With well dissembl'd tears, and many a sigh,
 " I urg'd the fair-one for a kind reply.

" Why should I tell what tender arts I us'd,
 " And how unselfish I profess'd my flame ?
 " How many fraudulent vows her faith abus'd ?
 " Attesting ev'ry sacred pow'r by name,
 " To her alone, I said, my heart applied ;
 " On her free choice alone my peace relied.

" Her

“ Her fire, I said, by int’rest might be sway’d,

“ And by my fortune’s dazzling splendour lur’d,

“ Against her will, to force my lovely maid :

“ But, ah ! I scorn’d possessions thus procur’d.

“ I swore, I would not give Amanda pain,

“ For all the blisses which immortals gain.”

“ For this, I vow’d, and for no other cause,

“ I hid my passion from her prudent fire.

“ I curs’d the wretch who, trampling nature’s laws,

“ Would glut with beauty’s grief his own desire.

“ Let none, I said, who could so selfish prove,

“ Presume to call their sordid passion love.

“ Can words describe the lovely blushing maid,—

“ The crimson flush which o’er her beauties came !

“ The humid splendor in her eyes display’d,

“ The heaving bosom, and the trembling frame,

“ The interrupted sigh, the murmur weak,

“ Which faulter’d on her tongue when she essay’d to

[“ speak !

“ The op’ning rose, when fanning zephyrs play
 “ Ere yet Aurora’s pearly drops are dried)
 “ Among the leaves, and wake the sanguine ray :
 “ Thus glows, thus swells, thus breathes in all
 [“ its pride.
 “ And did I, oh inhuman spoiler ! dare
 “ To blast this bloom, so bright, so sweet, so fair ?”

Then with a groan, with looks distraught and wild,
 On earth he fell, and tore his graceful hair :
 He curs’d each charm by which his arts beguil’d,
 His manly beauty, and his form so fair ;---
 But most he curs’d his soft persuasive tongue,
 Its pow’rs perverted, and its syren song.

THE

S E D U C E R.

CANTO THE SECOND.

O H conscience ! conscience ! bitter is his lot
 Who spurns for purpos'd bliss thy guiding lore:
 Wretched are they who, heav'n's high will forgot,
 In chace of joy the realms of vice explore ;
 For thou, oh conscience ! with thy smarting goad,
 Wilt meet and check them on the flow'ry road.

And see where Damon, whose enraptur'd heart
 Could once receive from nature's smiling face
 Sincerest joy, and, with enthusiast art,
 In all its hues the various landscape trace,
 Insensate now he lays absorpt in woe,
 Nor sees bright Phœbus in the orient glow.

The

The breezy fragrance of the new-born day,
The honied gale fresh scented in the bow'r,
The bird soft warbling on the bloomy spray,
The air made vocal by the sky-lark's pow'r,
The rustic labours of the distant hind,
Tending his flock, or o'er the plough reclin'd;

Th' embroider'd valley spangled o'er with dew,
The humid pearls soft dripping from the thorn,
Heav'n's cloudless vault, which glow'd in brightest
[blue,
Gay by the forest's edge the bounding fawn,
Who in the stream appeas'd his heated blood ;
The stream whose murmuring tide meandering flow'd ;

The pale Narcissus bending o'er its side,
The various flow'rets, and the mossy bank ;
The snow-plum'd cignets, with majestic pride,
New-wak'd, forth issuing from the oziers dank ;
The brambled walk that parts the woodland shade,
The humble cottage in the smiling glade ;

The lofty mountain crown'd with stately oak,
 The rocky summit, from whose rugged brow
 Jumps the surge rough, with course delay'd, and broke,
 Hoarse roars, and foams in eddies rude below :
 All, all these beauties Damon once could prize,
 Now unregarded court his streaming eyes.

The fragrant bow'r, beneath whose shade he lay,
 Where roses wild, and smiling jessamine,
 In blooms luxuriant, twist the wanton spray,
 And o'er the hazle climbs the eglantine ;
 Where cowslips, violets, harebells, breathe around,
 And blue-flow'r'd alehoof mantles o'er the ground.

No charm had these to stop the painful sigh,
 Or in his breast appease the rankling wound :--
 Ah what avails it to the jaundic'd eye,
 Tho' thousand rainbows circle it around ?
 When thro' each vein fierce hydrophobia strays,
 What boots the purling stream that round us plays ?

Mean

Mean while within Pastorus' blameless breast

Contending passions waged a painful war ;

Keen sensibility his voice supprest ;

Nor knew he most to comfort or abhor :

Now pity sighs, now indignation frowns,

Horror now wakes, and all his bosom owns.

At length, upstarting, frantic, from the ground,

The sad repentant, with a trembling hand,

Embrac'd his friend's ; his eyes roll'd ghastly round,

Which wont to languish with affection bland,

And " Oh, my friend ! thy honest heart," he cries,

" Must hate my crimes, and triumph in my sighs."

But when his deep despair Pastorus view'd,

His face deform'd, his eyes with tears enflam'd,

The drops of sympathy his cheek bedew'd,

And tender pity all his bosom claim'd :

Each thought indignant from his heart retires,

And sorrow's show'r extinguish'd anger's fires.

Then Damon thus, deep sighing from his heart:

“ And canst thou pity such a wretch as me ?

“ Alas ! my guilt is but reveal'd in part ! —

“ Didst thou know all, where, where would pity be ?

“ My treach'rous arts would to thy breast recal

“ Abhorrence just.—Yet will I tell thee all.

“ The guileless fair one, thoughtless of deceit,

“ Faultering her tongue, her bosom heav'd with
[sighs]

“ Reveal'd her heart with looks confus'dly sweet,—

“ Love's humid gems bright sparkling in her eyes.

“ With rapture, I the fond confession blest,

“ And clasp'd the bright confusion to my breast.

“ Yet still whene'er in grot or shady grove,

“ By bubbling fount recluse, or private bow'r,

“ With dalliance light, and toying sports, I strove

“ To waken passion, blind reflection's pow'r,

“ And so the purpose of my arts obtain,

“ The bashful fair would each approach restrain.

" If e'er my lips her lips too warmly prest,
 " If I too close her slender form embrac'd,
 " Or, artful, o'er her snowy heaving breast,
 " By seeming chance, my trembling hand I plac'd,
 " The bashful frown, the blush of virgin pride,
 " And coy-grown look my conduct seem'd to chide.

" Not that she did suspect my lewd design,
 " Or dream I wish'd her innocence despoil'd ;
 " But that she held, ' Meek modesty should shine
 ' Spotless in seeming, as in deed unsoil'd.'
 " To rigid virtue bred with maxims nice,
 " She shunn'd the semblance as the act of vice.

" The common modes by which o'er other hearts
 " I us'd to triumph, balk'd and frustrate all,
 " My curs'd invention gender'd other arts,
 " More deep-laid schemes to work Amanda's fall.
 " Her virgin purity, which should inspire
 " More chaste esteem, but fann'd my loose desire.

“ One fatal hour—O ! be that hour of guilt
 “ Which gave to branded scorn Amanda’s name,
 “ For ever curs’d ! and curs’d this heart that built
 “ Upon a short-liv’d joy her endless shame !
 “ Tho’ free from dread, I wrapt in close disguise ;
 “ As tho’ I trembled at surrounding spies.

 “ Night’s silent foot now rested on the ground,
 “ And rayless darkness thro’ the void prevail’d,
 “ Each guiltless brow sleep’s poppied garland bound ;
 “ Save only those whom jealous love assail’d,
 “ Or fortune’s spite, or caitiff fear annoy’d,
 “ Or pale despondency, or pain destroy’d.

 “ My treacherous steps disturb’d the gloomy shade,
 “ No doubt perplexing of the wish’d success,
 “ (Her menial had her trust for gold betray’d.)
 “ With hasty strides towards the house I press ;
 “ For since our eyes last met in fond survey
 “ Thrice glow’d the orient, thrice the western ray.

“ Me to her chamber the false minion brought,

“ Where all in tears Amanda I beheld ;

“ Her eyes deep riveted in tender thought,

“ As in her hand my pictur'd form she held ;

“ Unlac'd, unrobed, loose flow'd her auburn hair,

“ Her sigh-swoln bosom all expos'd and bare :

“ Upon the couch she sat ; her zone unbound,—

“ The night-gown's folds in loose luxuriance flow'd.

“ Me when she saw, she shriek'd, and gath'ring round

“ Her scatter'd robe, with wild confusion glow'd ;

“ While I, with acted modesty, withdrew,

“ And o'er my eyes the doubled kerchief threw.

“ Her fears my well-tim'd diffidence allay'd.

“ But when my garb and acted grief she view'd,

“ Whence this late visit ? Whence this dress ? she said,

“ And why that face with anguish thus bedew'd ?

“ Meet we (by stealth, alas !) one day in three ?

“ And meet we then with tears and misery ?”

“ Deep

“ Deep sobbing I :—Ah, cruel fortune’s spite !

“ Then, as with anguish dumb, I paus’d awhile,

“ Farewel to love, to peace, to soft delight !—

“ Fly must thy Damon ; leave his native isle,

“ Friends, kindred, fortune, and paternal home,

“ A wretched, joyless exile wide to roam.

“ Oh ! were this all, believe me when I swear,

“ No single sigh should heave this manly breast,

“ These eyes should scorn to shed the coward tear.

“ But, oh, Amanda dear ! to think the rest

“ Grief and distraction seize my tortur’d mind !

“ Thee must I leave, Amanda, thee, behind !

“ She heard. Cold chilly dews her form o’erspread ;

“ Supine, and breathless in my arms she fell ;

“ Clos’d were her eyes, her cheeks the roses fled,

“ Her frozen bosom ceas’d awhile to swell,

“ Till careful I recall’d the ling’ring life,

“ Then heav’d convulsive, toss’d in passion’s strife.

“ Mean-

" Meanwhile my tale abus'd her cred'lous ear,
 " How a lewd ribald had her name defil'd,
 " Whereat, enrag'd the fland'rous lie to hear,
 " I drew my rapier, and with fury wild,
 " Assail'd, and slew him.—At each word I spake,
 " Her sighs renew'd, as tho' her heart would break.

" She seiz'd my hand, and languish'd on my face
 " With such a doating look of mournful love,
 " While sweet confusion soften'd ev'ry grace ;—
 " Pity did almost in my bosom move.—
 ' And shall we part ?' she cried, ' my Damon, no ;
 ' Where'er you wander shall Amanda go.'

" In vain, I said, would fond affection lead
 " Her generous soul to share my present flight ;
 " In vain my heart must for her converse bleed ;—
 " Nor time, nor yet conveyance meet invite.
 " Yet, if so dear an exil'd wretch could be,
 " Some future bark might bear my love to me.

" Her

" Her love, I swore, could fortune's anger cross ;
 " But ah ! I fear'd, when rumour should proclaim
 " To her more prudent sire, my fortune's loss,
 " My exil'd person, and my blighted fame,
 " Against her will, Amanda might be led
 " A victim to some happier rival's bed.

" And now she chid me for my groundless fears ;
 " And now in vows pour'd forth her tender heart,
 " My bosom bathing with her flowing tears,
 " While nature banish'd all restraints of art ;
 " Around my neck her twining arms she threw,
 " Hung on my lip, and to my bosom grew.

" While thus dissolv'd in tenderness of thought,
 " She fondly languish'd on my fluttering breast ;
 " Each mournful look, with yielding softness fraught
 " Her swimming eyes her melting soul express'd :
 " Thro' all her frame the fond emotions rove ;
 " Each vein was passion, every pulse was love ;

" Th

"The guardless hour, assiduous, I improv'd
 "With ev'ry blandishment of strong desire ;
 "O'er all her charms, with fond endearments rov'd,
 "And fann'd with ev'ry art the spreading fire :
 "Then, half dissolv'd, half fainted in my arms,
 "I press'd my suit, and triumph'd in her charms.

"Oh villain ! monster of the blackest stain !
 "Oh triumph that has stamp'd me for a fiend !
 "Proclaim'd me worse than brute ! Yet oh refrain
 "Each judgment hard ; nor in thy heart be skreen'd
 "A thought can do the lost Amanda wrong.
 "Could human virtue bear assault so strong ?

"Reflection's voice, attentive to exclude,
 "Each fond advance to amorous dalliance I
 "With jealous doubts and anxious cares pursued,
 "And arm'd with rivall'd fears each artful sigh.
 "Thus gratitude and pity thought restrain,
 "And her own virtues were Amanda's bane.

“ Thus

" Thus tranc'd in bliss, on more than eagle wings
 " Scud the fleet shades impatient from the sky ;
 " Then o'er the humid hill Aurora springs,
 " And the blithe lark proclaims Hyperion nigh.
 " I left the blissful couch and nymph forlorn,—
 " Nor ever view'd her from that cruel morn :—

 " Dissembling grief, I left the weeping fair,
 " And far away my habitation mov'd,
 " From Surrey's shades to Devon's sea-cool'd air ;
 " Where still in lawless pleasure I have rov'd,
 " Nor ever once enquir'd Amanda's fate,
 " Nor cast one thought upon her dubious state.

 " Lewd dissipation, and the noisy roar
 " Of pleasure all reflection's pow'rs confin'd.
 " —And oh Pastorus ! would thy moral lore,
 " Thy virtuous converse, sentimental mind,
 " Had early been familiar to my heart !
 " Then had not conscience felt this scorpion dart.
 " But

" But while debauchery and riot reigns,
 " And dissipation ev'ry hour employs ;
 " While ribald-jest each sentiment restrains,
 And sensibility and sense destroys ;
 " And decency and cool reflection's flown,
 " What wonder vice should seize lost reason's vacant
 [throne ?

' But ah, my friend ! if yet the injur'd fair
 " (Oh how the doubt distracts my aching heart !)
 " Breathes in this vale of tears the vital air,
 " If my repentance can a joy impart,
 " (For ah ! till then I never can have peace)
 " In these repentant arms Amanda's woes shall cease."

No more he said, but flew towards the steed.

As when some stag, by Arethusa's side,
 Slacks his fierce thirst, or grazes void of heed,
 If chance by Dian and her nymphs espied,
 By clamorous horns alarm'd, he, starting, flies,
 Speed in his pace, and anguish in his eyes ;

O'er myrtle hedge, briars, brakes, unprinted meads,
Vaulting, he flies, each vig'rous nerve he strains ;
At ev'ry bound the lift'ning stream recedes,
At ev'ry bound back fly the lift'ning plains :
So Damon look'd, and such his trackless speed
As swift he darted tow'rds his generous steed.

THE

T H E

S E D U C E R.

CANTO THE THIRD.

AND now, uprearing in his stirrup high,
 Damon o'erhangs the steed's proud arching
 [mane,
 And here and there he turns his roving eye,
 Doubtful which track might aid them to regain
 The road frequented, for around display'd
 Was many a labyrinth rude that cross'd the wood-
 [land shade.

For, all unthinking of the purpos'd road,
 The shady walks where bloomy hawthorns join'd
 In smiling arch, through which soft zephyr flow'd,
 And the awakening dawn bright spangling shin'd,
 And banks, all redolent in gaudy pride,
 Had led them, careless, from their journey wide.

N 2

Thus

Thus while suspended hung his doubtful mind,
 From pipe melodious, dulcet, smooth, and clear,
 Sad notes, soft warbling in the wanton wind,
 Wild as mellifluent, smote his wond'ring ear.
 Slow from his hand he drops the loosen'd rein,
 And sinks supine and breathless on the plain.

As when some eagle, from the awful height
 Of cloud-topt Teneriffe, darts his piercing eye,
 Stretch'd out impatient, meditates his flight,
 And dooms in thought the grazing fawn to die;
 The archer views him—swift the winged dart
 Twangs from the bow, and quivers in his heart;

Backward he falls upon the hollow ground,
 With clenching talons, fluttering pinions spread;
 No more the lightning in his eye is found,
 Now darkling clos'd,—loose drops his listless head:
 So, to appearance dead, with deep dismay,
 Pastorus sees his friend extended lay.

With

With love assiduous, ev'ry art he tries
 To rouse the fainting penitent to life,
 Who soon unveils his wretched, languid eyes—
 Then throbs his breast with passion's various strife :
 Hope, tender pity, shame and love combin'd,
 And weeping memory with contrition join'd.

Yet still supported in Pastorus' arms,
 Surprise deep printed on his weeping face,
 He bears in silence passion's wild alarms ;
 While from the distant brakes, with dulcet grace,
 (As wrapt in thought, all utterance he refrains)
 The poor 'Amanda breathes the sweet disorder'd strains.

Wildly they flow'd, as o'er Æolus' harp
 Light trip the zephyrs in the shady grove :
 Now quick, short movements, with an accent sharp ;
 Now sadly flow the mournful numbers move ;
 And now serene as vestal's holy fires ;
 Now rambling, wanton, wild, as love's uncurb'd
 [desires.

THE SONG.

HENCE thou silly, wanton vine !
 To that maple cease to twine ;
 Twist no more thy tendrils round,
 But, more wisely, on the ground
 Thy unsupported branches spread,
 Or grief shall reach thy 'spiring head.

Man is by nature like the savage train
 That rav'ning thro' the dreary forests rove,
 Or o'er the uplands scour, or pace the plain,
 To rend with bloody fangs the bleeding drove :
 With seeming love he boasts protecting aid ;
 Yet promises but to betray :
 He grieves, he weeps.—Ah ! hapless is the maid
 Whose pitying hand shall wipe his tears away !

When first I saw his angel frame,
 And his attention quickly drew,
 Oh ! how I felt the spreading flame !
 What transports round my bosom flew !

From

From his eyes the sparkling fire
 Woke the embers of desire ;
 Around my heart,
 In spite of art,
 Swift rush'd the blood, each pulse beat higher.

But ah he's false, and I'm undone ! }
 I sicken at the rising sun, }
 And weep what time his course is done ; }
 Trembling I view the darkling night,
 And blush at pale Lucina's light.

Ah me ! how my bosom is rent, when I think
 Affliction from transport should spring !
 That the summit of bliss is of anguish the brink,
 And grief's bitterest tear hangs on joy's gayest wing !

The lovely maniac ceas'd. With troubled sighs
 Then lay she on the verdant sod and mourn'd ;
 Then burst the sorrows copious from her eyes,
 And, as they fell, serenity return'd.
 The fruitful shew'r extinguish'd passion's strife,
 And call'd the embryo senses into life.

With

With poor distrest Amanda thus it far'd,
 Who here, within embow'ring shades forlorn,
 With blighted peace, and faculties impair'd,—
 What time the annual sun did twice adorn,
 With waxing glory and with waning sheen,
 The circling seasons—poor recluse ! had been.

For Thudor banish'd from his once fond home,
 When time reveal'd the secret of her shame,
 His hapless child, with meagre want to roam ;
 Of peace bereft, and reft of virgin fame ;
 Scorn'd by the world, abandon'd by her love,
 The scoff of prudes, the snares of vice to prove.

Oh cruel pastor ! when thy youngling fair,
 Forlorn, deserted by her trusted guide,
 Bleats on the barren wold, and needs thy care
 To lead her back to virtue's fold, with pride
 To bar compassion's doors, and drive away
 To rav'ning wolves a trembling, helpless prey.

But

But prudent she, to shun the numerous snares
 Which envious vice or passion's lawless train]
 To trap the wand'ring innocent prepares,
 Forswore the city's throng and peopled plain :
 Resolv'd, from human converse far away,
 To waste the solemn night and lonely day.

A little cave—or scoop'd by art away,
 Or form'd at erst by nature's wond'rous hand,
 Or whilom by some rav'ning beast of prey,
 (Ere yet king Edgar drove them from the land)
 Unweeting I, nor does it boot to know ;
 But round eflabyrinth'd briars and hawthorns grow.

This little cave (what time the night's dank shade
 Surcharg'd the drooping flowers with fresh'ning
 [dew])
 Eludes the sickly blast, which might invade
 Her sleeping form ; and at the end there grew
 A mossy bank, which yields those limbs a bed
 That prest the cignet's down ere peace was fled.

The

The limpid spring her maple cup supply'd ;
 A little garden, cultur'd by her care,
 Did for her wants each wholesome root provide ;
 Some mountain goats she hamper'd in a snare
 Yield to her hand a life-supporting food —
 Her hand still guiltless of their younglings blood.

The fragrant bow'r, beneath whose wanton shade
 Conviction flash'd upon her lover's mind,
 For her amusement had the maniac made :
 The creeping tendrils oft her hand entwin'd ;
 Full oft the fragrant shrub afar she sought,
 And from the dingles many a wild flow'r brought.

Soon as each morn the sun's illum'ning wane
 O'erpeer'd the circling verdure of her cave,
 (Aurora's tears still glittering on the plain)
 Amanda rose ; and fondly would she rave,
 As, with a slow, enfeebled, sorrowing pace,
 Her bow'r she sought, to check each wand'ring grace.

Now

Now mutt'ring wildly, as she rov'd along,

Faint incoherent murmurs of despair ;

Anon she'd rave in unconnected song,

Or moisten with her mournful sighs the air.

Yet still on Damon all her musings hung :

His was each sigh she heav'd, each theme she sung.

At times, unfinish'd would she leave her theme,

Arrest her step, and meditating stand—

Prone would she fall beside the murmuring stream,

And cull the flow'rets with her lily hand ;

Then with her tears the mingling wreath bedew,

Till, grief thus vented, calm her bosom grew.

So wails the matron dove her pillag'd nest,

And mate ensnar'd by fowler's cruel wiles ;

So throbs with various pangs her aching breast,

Nor time's erasing hand her woe beguiles ;

Thro' groves recluse she bends her lonely way,

Mourns by each brook, and pines on ev'ry spray.

And

And now in Damon's tortur'd fancy rove
 The cruel mischiefs of his selfish lust :
 The injur'd object to delirium drove,
 The fire perhaps sent timeless to the dust.
 Such and ten thousand thoughts his bosom tear,
 Perplex his mind, and drive him to despair.

Perhaps the tender product of his loves
 Now pines with want, unpitied, and forlorn ;
 The bitter pangs of orphan'd misery proves :
 No rays of comfort glad its hopeless dawn.—
 Absorb'd he stood ; insensate, rooted, dumb
 As Parian matrons o'er an infant's tomb.

At length, with many groans and heartfelt sighs,
 Wak'd from his trance, he vents his tortur'd heart :
 Then tow'rds the nymph thro' brambled brakes he flies,
 With eager hope soft comfort to impart,
 With love-repentant soothe her griefs to rest,
 And chace the wild delirium from her breast.

As when some vocal tenant of the shade
 With love assiduous feeds her callow care,
 If chance, among the circling foliage made,
 A rustling noise assails her timorous ear,
 Thoughtful of plund'ring hinds, around she'll start,
 With looks of terror, and with fluttering heart.

So, starting wildly, look'd the timid fair,
 While thro' the rustling bushes Damon sped ;
 And seeing man with hasty steps repair,
 She paus'd not to observe, but trembling fled :
 Wing'd by vain terrors rushing on her mind,
 Her feeble feet outstrip the western wind.

Thus when some thoughtless boy the nest invades
 Of gay Chrysonitus with gilded plumes,
 (Where shelter'd close within the brambled shades,
 Where berries ripen and the wild rose blooms,
 Her scarce fledg'd young, with pinions yet untried,
 In hopes of swift enlargement chirping hide)

Struck with dismay, and studious to elude
The gripe despiteous, they with terror shake,
And trembling venture forth the feeble brood,
With doubtful pinions soaring o'er the brake;
Fear their sole guide, and all their strength despair,
With quick, short strokes they beat the yielding air.
So fares it with the feeble, frightened fair. }

The

T H E

S E D U C E R.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

AND now had Damon rush'd the thickets thro',
 And her fleet steps pursu'd o'er smoother ground;
 Cow'ring with frightened pace, the maniac flew
 Thro' many a brambled alley winding round.
 The trembling warbler thus affrighted flies
 Before the kite, fierce tyrant of the skies !

Rapid, where'er her rapid footsteps wind,
 His eager footsteps follow in the rear ;
 And now, not many shadows lengths behind,
 These words addrest he to her listless ear :
 " Ah turn, most injur'd of the lovely race !
 " Turn, bless repentant Damon's fond embrace !

" No

“ No cruel foe with fierce intent pursues ;

“ No brutal force invades Amanda’s peace ;

“ But love-repentant for thy pardon woos :

“ Damon, who gave the wound, the wound would
[ease.]

So prays he, panting ; but in vain he prays :

His pray’r she hears not, nor her speed delays.

Thus thro’ the pathless wild, with equal pace,

Amanda panting flies, and he pursues :

Not clouds, when gales autumnal urge their chace,

Skim with a swifter pace their changeling hues.

Meanwhile Pastorus, on his foaming horse,

Wound round an op’ner road, Amanda’s way to cross.

Just in the center of the gloomy wood,

(Where savage nature wore her wildest look)

Eastward, a tow’ring, uncouth growth there stood

(Which ne’er for ages cleaving axe had shook)

Of trees gigantic, closely interwove

[above.]

With gorse, thorn, briar below, and spreading boughs

Here

Here stood the oak majestic, doom'd to bear
 Britannia's thunder o'er the raging seas ;
 Here the stout ash, the trembling aspen there,
 Whose fine hung foliage shakes at every breeze ;
 The cypress, which bedecks the lover's hearse,
 And laurel, meed of poets tuneful verse ;

And sacred holly ; maple, from whose bowl
 His cup the rustic carves with art uncouth ;
 And birch, sad terror of the truant's soul ;
 And lime, and sycamore of stately growth :
 And here the beech, and here the elm-tree grew,
 And here the lofty pine appear'd in view.

The willow, docile to the bender's hands,
 Whose boughs, entwisted, form the rustic throne ;
 And, white with bloom, the spreading elder stands,
 Unprun'd, uncurb'd, to full luxuriance grown,
 From whose ripe berries luscious bev'rage flows ;
 And graceful here the humid poplar grows.

The yew, found grateful to the bowman's trade,
 And oft made tuneful to the lyrist's hand ;
 The weeping fir, the holm, whereof is made
 The cornice gaily wrought. Here fallows stand,
 And crab, whose boughs ungrateful fruits produce ;
 And box, whose close-wrought leaves the sunny beam
 [refuse.

Thick clumps of hazle, interwove with briars,
 Which or wild roses yield, or berries black ;
 Sloe-bearing thorns, and woodbine, which aspires
 To clasp the beechen bough ; nor was there lack
 Of gorse, whose fast-succeeding blossoms blow
 Thro' summer's heat, and eke thro' winter's snow.

Nor wanted broom, nor fern of secret source ;
 But, all confus'd, their uncouth shades display,
 That not the mountain goat a path could force,
 Nor stag high-bounding tread the gloomy way :
 Each shrub, each tree of nature's giant birth,
 Or dwarf-like sapling, hid both sky and earth.

To leftward this ; but frowning to the right
 A rugged, broken, steepy cliff arose,
 With here and there a thorn,—a dreary sight,
 Where never fruitage smiles, or flow'ret blows.
 If browse it yielded, to reward his toil,
 Scarce could the mountain goat find means to climb
 [the steepy soil.

Here at the entrance of a sloping lane,
 Which parts the cliff and gloom with rude descent,
 Pastorus came in season to detain
 The flying fair ; her passage to prevent
 To the rough wold which terminates the view ;
 For here with backward gaze she trembling flew.

Swift as the swallow skims the liquid lake,
 She rapid pours along without one pause
 To ease her wounded feet, which sorely ache
 With the unceasing chace. She sees—she starts !—
 [she draws
 Her panting breath.—Then tremblingly her eyes
 [sighs !

She rolls—thick throbs her fluttering heart with
 So

So looks the hind forlorn, when baying hounds
 Drive her, all trembling, o'er the printless plains,
 If chance the shaggy lion furious bounds
 Her way athwart, and all escape restrains.
 With piteous shrieks, she rolls her tearful eye,
 Then, muttering, gazes upward to the sky.

To wild delirium by her terrors wrought,
 She borrow'd strength from madness and despair;
 Death she determin'd in her gloomy thought;
 Her frantic hands the rugged mountain tear;
 With labour'd haste, with toil, with pain to climb,
 Shrieking, she struggles to the hoar sublime.

Amaz'd, astonish'd at the wild intent,
 To follow Damon toil'd, but toil'd in vain!—
 Torn he beholds her hands, her feet sore rent;
 And more than equal shares in all her pain.
 —Once more he strives to follow—but again
 Falls back to earth, and strives once more—in vain.

Say,

Say, ye deep skill'd in philosophic fore !

Why has the maniac such a wond'rous force ?

Why should the frantic sally conquer more

Than yielded e'er to reason's stedfast course ?—

Cool reason's strength does dread of suffering bind,

And coward thought intimidate the mind ?

Or is there lodg'd within distracted hearts

Some fiend supernal, who to desp'rate deeds

Still urges on, and tenfold strength imparts,

Which neither terror checks, nor force impedes ?

How else could weak Amanda upward strain,

Where Damon's strong-knit muscles strove in vain ?

And now, distracted, 'gainst the rugged ground

He struck his head, and had himself destroy'd,

But that his friend restrain'd, and, looking round,

Not distant far, a winding path espy'd

Which to the mountain's top obliquely led :

Here, swift as lightning, breathless Damon fled.

Hawk

Hawk like he mounts. Pastorius follows near.

And now, approaching to the summit brown,
 The shock of boiling surges cleaves the ear,
 Loud headlong tumbling many a fathom down;
 Vex'd with rough rocks which broke their roaring
 [way,
 Loud froth'd their foaming tide, indignant of delay.

They see Amanda on the summit stand;

They hear her loud exclaim: " Oh friendly tide!
 " Thou shalt preserve me from the spoiler's hand:
 " Thy troubled surge Amanda's shame shall hide;
 " Protecting death! Oh be thy shades rever'd!"—
 Then, rushing downward, swift she disappear'd.

With horror stiffen'd each pursuer stood,

With hands to heav'n uprear'd, and swimming eyes;
 Each pulse suspended, curdled was their blood,
 Distraught at once with anguish and surprize.
 Damon, at length, bounds forward in despair
 To the same place whence plung'd the frantic fair.

Arrived,

Arrived, he starts, and some few steps withdraws ;
 With seeming transport, lifts to heav'n his eyes ;
 Then, rushing forwards, makes no longer pause,
 But down the hoary steep impetuous flies.
 His frantic friend a nearer way ascends,
 Where o'er the sable tide the frowning summit bends.

The vast profound appals his aching sight,
 Whose awful bed, by rocky fragments broke,
 The tide obstructs. Waves roar, and frothing white
 In whirlpools sweep impetuous. Down the rock
 A hundred cataracts fall ; then dashing flies
 The wave contentious, foaming tow'rds the skies : }
 In cloud-like mists the spattering waters rise. }

Benumb'd with grief, and stupid with surprise,
 Along the cliff he roves, whose hollow space
 Groans to the dashing surge, yet find his eyes
 Of neither hapless lover mark nor trace.

Silent he mourns : such griefs his heart devour
 That scarce to think is left the painful pow'r.

And

And now, perceiving where a slow descent.

Down to the troubled waters seem'd to wind,
To tread the dangerous path his mind is bent,
The mangled body of his friend to find,
(Oh fruitless search !) and her the frantic fair ;
And o'er their grave the pious marble rear.

As by the silver streams enamell'd brim

The bird domestic cowrs, with troubled breast,
And anxious walks, while on the surface swim
The web-foot denizens of her fostering nest ;
Studious to save them from imagin'd ills :
Such the kind care his generous bosom fills.

So kind, so needless : for not far he went

The winding pathway down, when—strange to say !
Alive he kneeling saw, with head low bent,
His weeping friend ; and close beside him lay
The injur'd fair-one, fainting, but not dead :
A reverend hermit's lap supports her head.

Is there in all the magick powers of verse
 Terms of such rapture, that the ardent joys,
 The trembling transports justly can rehearse
 Which in Pastorus' friendly bosom rise?
 Can words his looks of joy and wonder paint?
 Ah no!—the powers of language are too faint.

But you, ye parents, friends, and lovers blest,
 Who sadly drooping o'er some timeles bier,
 From the child's, friend's, or lover's clay-cold breast,
 Have deem'd the vital spirit fled for e'er,
 And in distracting agonies have wrung
 Your hands, expressive how your souls were stung;—
 Ye, when the arts humane of pious men
 (Oh blest Philanthropy! thy agents here)
 Have wak'd the dormant spark of life again,
 And chang'd to transport horrors starting tear;—
 Ye, ye can guess, from what yourselves have felt,
 The mingled passions in his soul which dwelt.

THE

S E D U C E R.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

SWEET queen of mournful numbers! wheresoe'er,
 With steps demurely slow, or frantic pace
 Thou rov'st, or whether with thy falling tear
 Thou troublest Castaly's translucent face,
 Or stretch'd on earth, where cypress mourns around,
 Thy throbbing bosom beats the humid ground !

Say, sad Melpomene ! (for wide to you
 Is op'd those dismal annals of distress
 Recording spirits with their tears bedew)
 What heay'ly arm, for sure it was no less,
 Snatch'd from endeavour'd death the frantic fair?
 ——No arm immortal; but a father's care.

For

For on the barren cliff's stupendous brow,
 Within a gloomy cave, to sorrow wed,
 Sir Thudor dwelt—a weeping hermit now!—
 The cell his palace, and the rock his bed.
 Here mourn'd the sire his child's uncertain state,
 And his own rage, which drove her to her fate.

For soon as time had sooth'd his haughty ire
 Then cool Reflection (sober matron!) came,
 And brought contrition to the frantic sire :
 He saw his folly had expos'd his shame,
 And the dishonour of his house reveal'd,—
 Which kind indulgence might have kept conceal'd.

Then sickly Fancy, with her shadowy train
 Of woe-born spectres, haunts his cheerless day,
 Invades the morphean hour, and his brain
 Renews the scene soft sleep would chace away ;
 Weeping he'd wake,—but only woke to weep !
 She haunts him waking, who disturb'd his sleep.

And now, in thought, his hapless child he sees
 To lust promiscuous yield her loathing charms,
 The bitter pangs of pressing want to ease ;
 And sees her now expire in famine's arms.
 Struck with the fancied horrors of her fate,
 Contrition seiz'd him,—but she seiz'd too late !

Anxious enquires he, but enquires in vain,
 For his Amanda : all his busy care
 No trace, no tidings of her fate can gain.
 Then, all abandon'd to his deep despair,
 Detesting life, forswearing mortal view,
 Here, to the lonely cliff, he, sad recluse, withdrew.

And here the fire, upon his arm reclin'd,
 Attentive to the rough waves boist'rous roar,
 To keen reflection yields his tortur'd mind,
 When lost Amanda stood the cavern o'er,
 And rear'd her frantic voice. He starts, he flies,
 (The voice rememb'ring) trembling with surprize.

Before

Before the moss-grown cavern's gloomy door
 The rock projects some paces o'er the wave ;
 As here the maniac bounds, trembling all o'er,
 He follows swift, and, just in time to save,
 Caught the white garment's plaited folds behind,
 Which, as she plung'd, flew fluttering in the wind.

And as some silent angler trembling sees
 His rod inflected with the weighty prize,
 With timid caution draws it by degrees,
 While fear and transport mingle in his eyes ;
 In hope now sees it stretch'd upon the sand,
 Now doubts his feeble line and slender wand :

So the fond fire, perplex'd 'tween hope and fear,
 Drew her, all trembling, up the hanging rock.
 Unconscious she of the paternal care,
 Thick beats her heart with strong convulsive shock :
 The wild sensation throbs thro' all her frame ; —
 O'er all her form a chilly moisture came.

As when some dove to 'scape the falcon flies,
 But meets the treacherous fowler's meshy art ;
 From dole to dolour flown, forlorn she lies ;
 Against the ground quick beats her panting heart.
 By fear convuls'd, thus poor Amanda lay,
 Till terror snatch'd the dizzy sense away.

Thus lay she, like a lily, trodden down,
 When Damon, rushing tow'rds the boiling wave,
 Saw,—paus'd,—no longer to destruction prone,
 Bless'd the good chance which from a watry grave
 Had snatch'd the fair, and rear'd to heav'n his eyes,
 With grateful looks of transport and surprize.

Then, fill'd with hope, the fearless lover sprung
 To where supine the fainting fair-one lay ;
 Kiss'd her cold lips, and o'er her weeping hung,
 And with his kerchief wip'd the dews away
 That soil'd her bloodless face ; her hand then prest,
 Bath'd it with tears, then dried it in his breast.

Oft

Oft struggled he, but oft in vain, to speak;

His quivering tongue refus'd its wonted part.

Hoarse, hollow murmurs only fault'ring break

Their interrupted way. He smites his throbbing
heart!

Then, frantic, strains her to his panting breast,

And bathes with flowing tears the fair distress.

With equal anguish torn, the father strove

Her fleeting, wand'ring spirit to recal;

But long his tender offices of love

Want pow'r to wake her from the death-like thrall:

At length she feebly lifts her languid eyes;

“ My father! Oh ye pow’rs !” she shrieking cries,

Then dies once more away. Then thus the sire:

“ My sweet Amanda! dear, lov’d child! Oh me!

“ Does then thy soul indignantly retire

“ When thy sad eyes their cruel father see?—

“ Yes, I deserve thy scorn! thy hatred claim,

“ More, more than he who soil’d thy virgin fame.

“ What

“ What wish had I, what passion to indulge,
 “ Should make me plant fresh poignards in thy
 [breast?
 “ To cruel crowds thy injur’d fame divulge,
 “ And bar the doors of virtue, peace and rest?
 “ Curs’d be my haughty rage ! my fury wild !
 “ ’Tis I that kill thee, I, my child ! my child !

 “ Yet, yet Amanda, if the wand’ring sprite
 “ Not yet for ever quits thy lovely frame,
 “ Ere yet thou seek’st the realms of blissful light,
 “ Return, return Amanda ! (dear, lov’d name !)
 “ Say but you pardon my unfirelike part :
 “ Oh ! give that comfort to my aching heart !”

Now round her breast the brisker zephyrs play ;
 Repentant death suspends his lifted dart ;
 Unveil her clouded eyes, whose tearful ray
 Beam feeble hope on each afflicted heart.
 So looks Aurora pale, when drizzling skies
 Obscure her beamy beauties as they rise.

Alas !

Alas ! can words the tender scene display ?—

Oh, had I, *Opie*, thy distinguish'd skill !
 Could I like thee the mournful draught pourtray,
 And each charm'd heart with soft compassion fill
 With pictur'd scenes, where art and fancy join ;
 Colours so just, and postures so divine !

Then for the pencil I'd the muse forego :

In emulation of thy murder'd James,
 My rival canvas should aspire to glow ;
 For ah ! the scene an *Opie*'s genius claims :—
Opie, who gives e'en death an envied life,
 Shall triumph over time's destroying strife !

But ah, vain wish ! nor am I doom'd to be

The favour'd vot'ry of Apelles' art.

Come then ye daughters nine of Castaly !

Let *Opie*'s colours charm the gazer's heart ;
 The melting strain and numbers sad be mine,

shine.]

Which make the list'ner's eye with pity's dew-drops

Supine

Supine on earth the sad Amanda lay,
 'Tween her supporting sire and kneeling love;
 Who her sad tears alternate wip'd away,
 And to suppress their own alternate strove.
 But ah ! 'twas fruitless strife, they gush'd amain,
 And by their flow awaken'd hers again.

Her auburn ringlets flow'd dishevelled round,
 With all the blooms of scented spring array'd;
 Some o'er her bosom spread, some trail'd the ground;
 Her heaving breast, to court the breeze display'd,
 Shone thro' the parting locks which trembled there,
 Shook by deep sighs, which her sad bosom tear.

Her azure eye in tearful languish strays,
 Now on her father, now on Damon bent;
 Her sire one arm embraces as she lays,
 One trembling hand is to her Damon lent.
 Such was the mournful scene, if numbers faint
 The mournful beauties of the scene can paint.

A dismal pause of anguish held them long;
 Till Damon thus: "Amanda, oh my love!
 "Can can you pardon me the cruel wrong,
 "Which I, barbarian, by lewd passion drove,
 "To thee have done? And to these guardian arms—
 "These arms repentant, yield thy injur'd charms?"

"Ah me! my Damon," feebly she replies,
 "I pardon thee; yes, from my very heart;
 "And may you live to taste sincerest joys!
 "Thy bliss be great as poor Amanda's smart:
 "I need not wish thee more. But oh too late
 "Contrition comes; I feel the stroke of fate.

"But oh, my father! how shall I obtain
 "Thy kind forgiveness for the blushing woes
 "My indiscretion caused thee to sustain?
 "My dawning shame stains thy life's honour'd close.
 "Yet, yet, Oh pardon, ere the hand of death
 "Seals these cold lids, and stops this fainting breath."

"Talk

" Talk not of pardon from thy murd'ring fire !
 " 'Tis I, my child, must for forgiveness plead :
 " Not Damon's treach'ry, but rash Thudor's ire
 " Points the keen shaft by which you timeless bleed.
 " But Oh, dear offspring of my tender love !
 " These gloomy terrors from thy heart remove :

 " Amanda yet may live, may bless the arms
 " Of her repentant fire ;—she may, she must :
 " Repentant Damon shall protect thy charms ;
 " Love and contrition yet shall make him just.
 " Thou yet shalt live for happiness, for love :
 " Heav'n shall for sorrows past thy future joys im-
 prove."

 " Vain are your hopes," she said, " alas the while !
 " The idle terrors of a frantic mind
 " Impell'd my feeble limbs to over toil—
 " Oh had I known you when you chanc'd to find !
 " Or had, my Damon, reason 'lamed my breast,
 " I might have liv'd, and had perhaps been blest."

Smit-

Smiting his sigh-swoln breast, "Oh mighty pow'r!"
 The lover cries, "Is this, is this the end? ~~and~~"
 "Is this the fruit of one delighted hour? ~~and~~"
 "Said I the fruit? Ah me, fresh tortures rend—
 "Perhaps another stab behind remains: ~~and~~"
 "A helpless babe, perhaps, forlorn complains."

"Ah no," she sigh'd, "for grief and keen distress
 "Destroy'd the embryo in my woful womb.—
 "But ah farewell!—I feel some pow'r suppress
 "My lab'ring breath. Let those who hear my doom
 "Confess no brand of guilt should mark my name:
 "Pity and love my faults, my portion grief and shame!"

She said: and strait the stiff'ning eye-lids clos'd;
 The tide of life no longer warm'd her heart;
 In blissful hope her franchis'd soul repos'd;
 Her wearied frame obey'd the fatal dart.—
 Farewel, sad maid! may none hereafter know
 Such bitter pangs of undeserved woe!

A while, with sorrow speechless, weeping hung
 The frantic mourners o'er the breathless fair ;
 Each tortur'd breast with keen contrition stung.
 Then thus the father vents his deep despair :
 " Yes, yes Amanda, 'twas my haughty ire
 " Gave the keen wound by which you now expire.
 " Was it for me, whose kind, indulgent love
 " Should shield from slander's shrinking breath thy
 [name,
 " Thy griefs allay, thy wants, thy cares remove,
 " And hide ? — but hold, my tongue ! no more ex-
 [claim ;
 " Death, death shall give me ease ! — Oh world farewell !
 " Yet, yet with thee, Amanda, will I dwell."

He then, all frantic, plunging headlong down,
 Sought from the gloomy surge a timeless end ;
 And after him himself had Damon thrown,
 But that Pastorus held : " Ah me, my friend !
 " Reflect a while : tho' heavy are thy woes,
 " Wouldst thou fair mercy's gate for ever close ?"
 " Talk

“Talk not of mercy’s gate, for hell is here;
 “Here, in my bosom, all its tortures glow:
 “The wretched damn’d feel nothing more severe:
 “ ’Tis here the wild, unutterable woe.
 “Unhand me then, and let me follow swift
 “The murder’d Thudor down the rugged clift.

“For here, here, here,” quick smiting oft his breast,
 “With wild convulsive throbs, I feel it here:
 “My heart, impatient to escape to rest
 “From such wild anguish, torture so severe,
 “Against my heaving side enanguish’d bounds;
 “Thro’ all my echoing frame each throb resounds.”

“Oh talk not thus,” Pastorus weeping cries,
 “But live, and let repentance wipe thy soul
 “From guilt, and time from pearly griefs thy eyes.”
 His hand then Damon seiz’d, his eyes wild roll:
 “And what is time? and what repentance now?
 “Where must I find them? or o’ertake them how?

" Can my fleet steps tread back their mazy flight?
 " Regain the youthful hours unstain'd by crime,
 " Those panther-footed hours of pure delight?
 " Or can I backward force the preacher time?—
 " Could I do this, contrition might repair
 " My perjur'd wrongs, and banish black despair.

 " But oh! thy poignard lend!—Yet there's no need.
 " Ah me! my heart distends my lab'ring side!
 " I feel, I feel the mangled vitals bleed.
 " Here for a moment let thy hand abide.—
 " Tell me, what think'st thou of this bustling heart?
 " Does it not struggle furiously to part?

 " Tell me, dost think 'twill not a passage find—
 " A speedy passage thro' this yielding frame?—
 " It comes;—aye, let it,—let it, to my mind
 " It can't too soon. Pastorus hide my shame.—
 " Ah no! reveal it: publish to the world:
 " Teach men, what vengeance on such crimes is hurl'd.
 " I come,

“ I come, Amanda ! here, upon thy lip,
 “ To breathe my last sad fainting accents out
 “ In broken murmurs.—Oh the vengeful whip
 “ Which gorgon - frowning conscience whirls
 [“ about !”
 He ceas’d. Deliriums wild, & fierce convulsions seiz’d,
 Till Death, in terrors clad, his body eas’d.

Fast by Amanda’s injur’d corse he dies,
 Grasping, in mad embrace, her murder’d charms.
 The frightened Muse, in speechless horror, flies,
 With eyes averted, and uplifted arms ;
 Forsakes the scene, to moralize a while
 To those who revel gay in fortune’s smile.

Thou son of dissipation, whosoe’er,
 That thoughtless now, in chase of wanton joy,
 Pursu’st the virgin, this sad story hear,
 Nor dare the cause of all her peace destroy.
 Think of the horrors that on Damon tend :
 Think of Amanda, and her hapless end :

Think,

Think, that tho' such her end may never be,
 Whom now with perjur'd vows thy lust pursues,
 Far, far superior anguish she may see :
 Think of the horrors of the public stews ;
 Where health, where peace, and future hopes are sold,
 A sad existence barely to uphold.

Oh to thy mind the horrid tortures bring
 Of fell disease, and all her wreathing train.
 Think—but what boots whate'er the muse can sing ?
 Hast thou not read the plaintive Goldsmith's strain ?*
 If what he sung cannot affect thy heart,
 What can I hope from my inferior art ?

But thou, injurious fire, or cruel dame,
 Whom pride, resentment, or a stubborn mind,
 Might prompt to drive thy ruin'd child to shame,
 Reflect : and be the barb'rous thought resign'd :
 Think, that for one offence our common Sire
 Dooms not his children to eternal ire :

* See in the Deserted Village a description of one of the poor wretches.

Oh

Oh think, how oft his kind indulgent care
 Has warn'd, in vain, from crimes of deeper dye ;
 Oh think, how long with thee he deigns to bear,
 And views thy wand'ring with a pitying eye ;
 Nor e'er, till stubborn guilt provok'd him sore,
 Did his indulgent hand close mercy's door.

And wilt thou then, for one departure flight,
 One slip of prudence, plunge in endless shame
 The darling offspring of thy soft delight ?
 Oh ! wilt thou bar thy breast to pity's claim ?
 And wilt thou let, oh frantic wretch ! thy ire
 The prostitution of thy child conspire ?

Oh hapless child whom such a father owns !
 Oh hapless child whom such a mother bore !
 Where shalt thou hide from fortune's savage frowns,
 If once deluded from strict honour's shore ?
 A cruel world thy anguish shall inflame,
 And they who should preserve shall damn thy fame.

Lo !

Lo ! want appears in all her meagre forms :

Cold shivers, hunger craves, and thirst assails ;
 Temptation strong thy tottering virtue storms ;
 Strong pleads distress, and vice at last prevails.
 A respite short abhorred lust obtains ;
 But soon destruction comes with tenfold pains.

Thus some poor dappled hind, or brindled fawn,
 In barbarous chace (inhuman sport !) pursu'd,
 Alarm'd by terror scours the less'ning lawn
 Till it arrives at some runcaria rude,
 Which its advent'rous foot durst ne'er before,
 In search of foilage green for browse, explore ;

Thoughtless of thorn, of gorse, of twisted brake,
 Of sloughy bog, wild bri'r, high bramble bush,
 The foe close pressing, knowing life at stake,
 Wing'd by despair, it makes a desp'rate push ;
 Bounds to the centre, soils the eager chace,
 Nor heeds the circling horrors of the place ;

The

The dread of death once past, the little beast
Would fain return to browse on hill or lawn,
But can't, from twining brambles, get releas'd
Till by surrounding bri'rs in pieces torn,
With anguish, and with famine's double strife
The wretched fugitive resigns its life.

THE

THE BIRDS OF THE BAHAMAS

D

T H E
R E D - B R E A S T;

O R,

D A M O N O F T H E G L A D E:

A

S E N T I M E N T A L T A L E.

I N T H R E E C A N T O S.

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THE RED-BREAST.

RED-BREAST;

OR,

DAMON OF THE GLADE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

FAR shelter'd in a winding glade,
 A lonely cottage stands,*
 Whose master lov'd the silent shade
 Which peace and thought demands.

And hence, from ev'ry care retir'd,—
 Save only those which love
 And Phebe's cruel scorn inspir'd,—
 He, musing, oft would rove.

* Far in the windings of a glade—
 — A humble cottage stood.

MALET'S EDWIN and EMMA.

Full oft beside the bushy dell,
 Thro' winding alleys green,
 Where thrustles, larks, and linnets dwell,
 He'd wander all unseen.

And well, I wot, he lov'd the song
 Of feather'd warblers free :
 Yet not a bird of all the throng
 Could sing so sweet as he.

And when, within some close retreat,
 He heard the blackbird sing,
 Or soaring lark, so loud and sweet,
 Long carol on the wing,

His feeling bosom thus inspir'd,
 And thus he rais'd his song :
 " Ye little warblers ! here retir'd,
 " Secure your themes prolong.

" Here none the tangling net shall lay,
 " Or fraudulent horse-hair twine ;
 " No cruel hand shall lime the spray,
 " Your pinions to confine.

" Ah !

“ Ah ! hard his heart, the action proves,

“ Who, for a selfish joy,

“ Would tear you from your feather'd loves,

“ And liberty destroy.

“ Ah me !—perhaps yon lonely thrush,

“ Whose drooping pinions show,

“ While thus she pines beneath the bush,

“ Some inward cause of woe.—

“ That thrush, perhaps, too late withdrawn

“ To this sequester'd shade,

“ May, pining thus, bewail forlorn

“ Her little mate betray'd ;

“ While he, within some cage confin'd,

“ Now, warbling, mourns his fate,

“ To please some thoughtless fair-one's mind ;

“ —The slave of useless state !

“ Perhaps the little brood his breast

“ Had lately warm'd to life,

“ Robb'd of his care within their nest,

“ May pine with famine's strife.

" Poor, hapless birds ! who now shall roam
 " Thro' meadows far and nigh,
 " And bring ye grain or insects home,
 " Your cravings to supply ?

" Ah, who shall now from heavy rain
 " A needful shelter bring ?
 " Or lend, when mid-day fervours reign,
 " The shadow of the wing ?"

Then oft a tear his cheek bedew'd,
 Or trembled in his eye,
 As thus the youth his theme pursu'd,
 With many a pitying sigh :

" Oh slothful pride ! to pleasure thee
 " Must e'en the warbling choir,
 " Pent from their loves, the weikin free,
 " And peaceful nest, expire ?

" Oh sure like me they never strove
 " To gain a fair-one's heart ;—
 " Oh sure like me they cannot love
 " Who act this cruel part !

" For

“ For did they know the sweet delight

“ The lov’d-one’s presence gives,

“ And did they know his woeful plight,

“ Who for her absence grieves,

“ Or had they ever felt the care

“ Which rends the hopeless mind,—

“ Sure they could never part the pair

“ Whom mutual love had join’d.

“ But ah ! the court’s fantastic crowd,

“ And city’s selfish throng,

“ For sympathy and love too proud,

“ Each tender virtue wrong.

“ There pride and int’rest pity blight :

“ E’en love is made a trade.—

“ And yet for these, can Phebe slight

“ My cottage in the glade.

“ Ah ! silly maid ! the time has been

“ Thy meek, thy gentle breast

“ Found pleasure in this tranquil scene,

“ And was with feeling blest.

“ Then wouldest thou set, at even-tide,

“ With pensive look so sweet,

“ While Philomel, some dell beside,

“ Was wont her woes repeat;

“ And as the solemn warbler griev'd,

“ And charm'd the list'ning grove,

“ Thy sympathizing bosom heav'd ;—

“ Thy soul would melt to love.

“ Then too, at dawn thou'dst often stray

“ Thro' fields of ripening grain,

“ To hear the linnet on the spray,

“ Or lark's high-soaring strain.

“ And as they sung and soar'd on high,

“ Secure from want or harm,

“ Would sparkling pleasure gild thy eye,

“ And heighten ev'ry charm.

“ Hark, wouldest thou say, ‘ how sweet they sing ! ’

“ With freedom blest, and love !

“ How gaily they, with nimble wing,

“ In sportive circles rove !

“ And

‘ And can there, Damon, can there be,
 ‘ Who’d bid these scenes farewell,—
 ‘ Resign these strains, these meadows flee,
 ‘ In noisy towns to dwell?’

‘ And dost thou think,’ I’ve heard thee say,
 ‘ Such cruel men there are,
 ‘ Who, for their songs, or plumage gay,
 ‘ These warblers would ensnare?’

“ Then wouldst thou blame the thoughtless crowd
 “ Who joy’d in giving pain;
 “ Then wouldst thou mock the giddy proud
 “ Who scorn’d the peaceful plain:

“ Then wouldst thou scorn the selfish town,
 “ And all its gay parade.—
 “ But now, for these, has Phebe flown
 “ My cottage in the glade.

“ Nor wilt thou think, when bleak winds blow,
 “ Of him, my little guest,
 “ To whom you wont the crumbs bestow,
 “ And praise his scarlet breast.

“ Poor

“ Poor bird ! agajn, when winter frowns,
 “ This hand alone shall feed—
 “ For Phebe now the glade disowns ;
 “ Nor thee nor me will heed.”

Such, to reflection still inclin'd,
 Would oft his sonnets be :
 For tender was his artless mind—
 An artless swain was he :

Simple alike in life and song :
 His words from guile so clear,
 That of his heart, which knew not wrong,
 They but an echo were.

Such was the youth who long had sigh'd,
 And long had Phebe lov'd ;
 While she contemn'd, thro' foolish pride,
 The youth her heart approv'd.

For long had Flavia, gay and proud,
 Seduc'd her to the town,
 Where crowding sops obsequious bow'd,
 Her matchless charms to own.

As round the rose the insects vain
 Their gilded pinions fly,
 So fluttering play the courtly train
 To catch the fair-one's eye:

But not a rose that decks the plain
 With Phebe might compare;
 Nor not a gilded fly so vain
 As these her suitors were.

Ah ! how unlike the tender youth
 Who dwelt within the glade ;
 Whose vows were breath'd with artless truth,
 Whose love could never fade !

In them the glowing lip and cheek
 Had waked a transient fire ;
 In him esteem and virtue meek
 Had chasten'd loose desire.

What pity that so true a swain
 Should pine with hopeless love,
 While selfish foplings, false and vain,
 Should oft successful prove !

Oh

Oh silly fair ! for tinsel pride
 The worthy mind to fly,
 And modest truth and sense deride,
 To please the youthful eye.

For who'd the gaudy tulip prize,
 Whose leaves no sweets exhale,
 Ere, tho' it boasts no flaunting dyes,
 The lily of the vale ?

The one a while may please the sight,
 But worthless is its bloom ;
 The other yields a sweet delight,
 And precious its perfume.

Be wise, ye fair, let nature guide ;
 No more let av'rice sway :
 O banish vain and thoughtless pride,
 And love's behests obey.

the old, the dead, the dying, the dead,

the dead, the dead, the dead, the dead,

the dead, the dead, the dead, the dead,

the dead, the dead, the dead, the dead,

R E D - B R E A S T.

CANTO THE SECOND.

AND now, when winter stripp'd the grove
 And mead of all its pride,
 And all who social converse love
 To hearths convivial hied,

A wand'ring guest, whom chance had led
 Benighted to the spot,
 Claim'd shelter for his hoary head
 In Damon's humble cot.

His pray'r was heard—I need not say,
 'Twas giv'n with welcome true:
 Careless from want to turn away
 Our Damon never knew.

Freely

Freely whate'er the cot supplied
 The guest was bade to share ;
 With converse each alternate tried
 To drown the thoughts of care.

On subjects various long they talk'd,
 Each to the other new ;—
 The youth the sylvan scene had walk'd,
 The fire the city knew.

It chanc'd the guest had Flavia serv'd,
 The haughty and the vain ;
 And none from duty less had swerv'd
 Of all the menial train.

But now, by time quite feeble grown,
 For service all too weak,
 He friendless on the world was thrown,
 A means of life to seek.

From him did Damen understand
 (Ah hapless youth was he)
 That Phebe soon would give her hand
 To one of high degree.

Then

Then all in haste to learn the truth,
 Soon as the morning broke,
 Forlorn and sad the eager youth
 The cot and glade forsook.

Unhappy youth! in vain he hied
 To join the busy throng,
 For Phebe now was full of pride,
 And scorn'd his tender song.

Pity, 'tis true, did often plead
 To ease her Damon's pains;
 And love (but love she would not heed)
 Still held her heart in chains.

To shine in courts with gay parade,
 To glitter at the ball,
 Preferr'd the false, the silly maid,
 To love's and pity's call.

For these, to one her heart despis'd
 Her hand she meant to give;
 And slighted Damon, whom she priz'd
 Beyond all swains who live.

Then back return'd he in despair,
 To mourn unseen his fate,
 And left the silly, cruel fair
 To misery and state.

“ Ah, haughty maid ! thou dost not know,”
 He sigh'd, “ what thou must prove ;
 “ For thou hast chang'd for splendid woe
 “ Contentment, peace and love.”

When now he reach'd his native shade,
 His oaten pipe he took ;
 And, as he slowly trac'd the glade,
 The dreary silence broke.

Sad as the solemn warblings flow
 The nightly mourner sends,
 When ev'ry heart the note of woe
 With wildest cadence rends.

But Philomela, what's thy woe ?
 Thy plaint with morn shall cease ;
 But Damon's griefs no respite know ;
 He hopes no more for peace.

Thy

Thy strains, sweet bird, are fictitious grief,
 Thy plaints without a tear;
 But Damon seeks from his relief
 From sorrows too sincere:—

In vain he seeks: his dulcet strain
 Affords his mind no ease;
 E'en musick's charms increase his pain:
 His grief can nought appease.

When round he casts his tearful eyes
 On all the dreary view—
 The sorrows of his bosom rise,
 And either cheek bedew.

“ Ye trees,” he said, “ of verdure spoil’d,
 “ Where birds no longer dwell,
 “ Nor warble sweet their love notes wild,
 “ Ye paint my fortune well.

“ To hope, to joy, to comfort lost,
 “ I feel a swift decay;
 “ And nipp’d by disappointment’s frost,
 “ I blighted pine away.

“ Yet, yet,” he sighing said, “ one joy,
 “ One solace still remains :
 “ Thy bird shall comfort still supply,
 “ And cheer me with his strains.

“ Tho’ Phebe’s false, he’ll yet be true,
 “ And still my bosom cheer.
 “ I’ll smile my lonely bird on you
 “ Each morn when you appear.

“ My sweet, my sole companion thou,—
 “ Resemblant of my fate !
 “ The note will be twice welcome now
 “ That hails my cheerless state.

“ Poor bird ! like thine, my joys are flown ;
 “ But spring shall thine restore ;
 “ A harder fate I’m doom’d to moan :
 “ For mine return no more.

“ When vernal gales shall fan the trees,
 “ And cloudy welkins clear,
 “ Another mate thy love shall please ;
 “ Whose answering love shall cheer.

“ Again

" Again shall swell thy little breast,
 " Again thy transports rise;
 " Again be crown'd thy little nest
 " With all its social joys.

" But ah ! a harder lot is mine !
 " In self-consuming woe
 " An endless winter doom'd to pine,
 " Nor spring of hope to know.

" Yet thou, sweet bird, with tender note
 " Shalt soothe my constant grief.
 " My little red-breast's grateful throat
 " Shall often bring relief."

Thus sigh'd the youth, as slow he mov'd
 The silent glade along ;
 For much the little bird he lov'd,
 And much he priz'd his song.

For four succeeding winters he
 His constant guest had been,
 And with familiar warblings free
 Had cheer'd the lonely scene.

From Damon's hand full oft he fed,
 And oft familiar he
 Hopp'd round the board, to pick the bread
 Which Damon scatter'd free.

At dawn, at noon, at eve full oft
 He sought his sheltering cot,
 And paid his host with warblings soft,
 And cheer'd his lonely lot.

Of all the winter's warbling train
 Who raise the lonely note,
 Was none possessed so sweet a strain,
 Or tuned so clear a throat.

And oft as Damon sat to hear
 His sweet, his artless lay,
 Would start unbid a tender tear,
 And thus he oft would say :

“ Sweet, sympathising bird ! but thou,
 “ Of all the warbling quire,
 “ This gloomy shade inhabit'ſt now ;
 “ I here alone retire.

“ No

“ No wonder then, with social love,

“ We woo each other’s aid,

“ The lonely moments to improve

“ In this sequester’d glade.

“ Oh Sympathy ! blest pow’r ! from thee

“ Our joys proceed alone.

“ How cheerless must the bosom be

“ To sympathy unknown !

“ For he who makes another blest,

“ Or soothes a mourner’s woes,

“ Gilds with reflected joy his breast,

“ And feels what he bestows.”

Such was his feeling moral strain ;

So tender was his mind ;

Still prone to feel another’s pain,

And to relieve inclin’d.

Oh grief to think so kind a heart

Distress should ever know !

Or tortur’d with affliction’s dart,

Should feel unpitied woe !

Yet

Yet why repine, for souls like these,
 Prepar'd for heav'nly joys,
 By sordid thoughts unclogg'd, with ease
 On swifter pinions rise.

For all, before in heav'n receiv'd,
 With sympathy must glow,
 As heav'n, 'twill surely be believ'd,
 No selfish joys can know.

If so, the mind of sordid frame
 Will much refining need
 Ere it the realms of bliss can claim,
 For generous souls decreed.

But blest are they, to whom below
 The feeling heart is giv'n ;
 They, when they quit this world of woe,
 Are wing'd at once for heav'n.

What's shadow may stand but
Divided howe'er his soul
THE shadow and the way
Wise or foolish is the best man.

R E D - B R E A S T.

CANTO THE THIRD.

O H Hope ! how oft thy sweetest flow'rs
With swift succession fade !

What art thou, Hope, with all thy pow'r's ?
Vain shadow of a shade !*

A vision's vision !—for on earth
Our joys but visions are ;
You—idle fancy's idlest birth,
But promise visions fair ;

* In an Oratorio, the name of which I have now forgot, are the following lines :

But by far more vain than it
Is the pride of human wit ;—
The SHADOW OF A SHADE.

And

And scarce your promise e'er fulfil ;
 For, ere you're well believ'd,
 You wake us with some real ill,
 And teach us we're deceiv'd.

This hapless Damon found too true.
 Oh youth by fortune crost !
 Must yet more tears thy cheek bedew ?
 Must yet more joys be lost ?

For now, as to his cot he drew,
 Stretch'd lifeless on the snow
 The little red-breast struck his view :
 Hop'd solace of his woe.

At sight of this, increasing grief
 The lover's heart inflam'd ;
 And first he sought from tears relief,
 And, sighing, then exclaim'd :

“ Poor, hapless bird ! has then the frost
 “ Thy social blood congeal'd ?
 “ Have I the only comfort lost
 “ This hated life could yield ?
 “ Alas !

“ Alas ! while I, with bootless care,

“ Forsook my peaceful shade,

“ To soothe the vain, fantastic fair,

“ You pin'd for want of aid.

“ Oh had I here, more wise, remain'd,

“ I had not lost thee so ; I had a' l ready

“ Yet might thy note have entertain'd

“ And sooth'd my bosom's woe.

“ My scatter'd crumbs had cherish'd still,

“ And kept from pining death :

“ My roof had sav'd from breezes chill,

“ Which stopp'd thy tuneful breath.

“ Ah me ungrateful ! thus to pay

“ With negligence unkind

“ The bird whose sweet, whose social lay

“ Oft cheer'd my lonely mind.

“ Why left I not a window wide,

“ Nor strew'd with crumbs the ground ?

“ That so thy wants had been supply'd,

“ And thou a shelter found.

“ Alas !

" Alas ! to self-concerns confin'd older I am
 " Was all my narrow heart ²¹⁰ ~~old~~ ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " My own misfortunes fill'd my mind—
 " My red-breast had no part, b'ning ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰

 " Ah Phebe ! Phebe ! thine the fault ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " For I, alas ! I find, ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " Thy thoughtless cruelty have caught, ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " And thy too selfish mind. ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰

 " Yes Phebe, yes, this warbler soft, ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " Like me, by thee is slain : ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " Yet thou hast heard his song full oft, ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " And prais'd his gentle strain. ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰

 " And once, I can remember well,—
 " 'Twas when my fair was kind : ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " Ere she in cities lov'd to dwell—
 " She'd then a gentle mind : ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰

 " Once I remember, when the snows ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " Had whiten'd o'er the ground, ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " And ev'ry stream and lake was froze, ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " Each rill in fetters bound, ¹⁰ ~~10~~ ¹⁰
 " This

“ This little warbler, hopping free

“ My humble board around,

“ While Phebe, seated on my knee,

“ Bestrew'd with crumbs the ground.

“ At length upon the board he flew,

“ And, lured by usage bland,

“ More bold, he near, and nearer drew,

“ And fed from out her hand.

“ Then to a chair he hopp'd so light,

“ And stretch'd, and plum'd his wing,

“ Then swell'd his throat with all his might,

“ His sweetest strain to sing.

‘ Sweet bird !’ exclaim'd the gentle fair,

‘ Full well thy notes repay.

‘ Who would not for thy wants prepare,

‘ To hear thy dulcet lay ?

‘ And, gentle Damon, kind thy heart,

‘ Thy manners mild must be,

‘ Who hadst the soft alluring art

‘ To make this bird so free.’

“ 'Twas thus she spoke, with moisten'd eye.

“ I stopp'd her with a kiss :

“ Ah never more must I enjoy

“ Such soft, heart-thrilling bliss !

“ For Phebe now, for gaudy pride,

“ Her gentle Damon scorns ;

“ And can this feeling breast deride,

“ For one whom lace adorns.

“ For one, perhaps, whose haughty door

“ Was never open set

“ That red-breasts from the scatter'd floor

“ The wanted crumbs might get ;

“ And if by chance should one intrude,

“ By hunger render'd bold,

“ Would seize him, with oppression rude,

“ And liberty withhold ;

“ There in some gilded cage to pine,

“ And mourn his absent mate ;

“ His wings to droop, his head decline,

“ And meet a timeless fate.

“ For

“ For such an one, whose selfish breast

“ No sympathy refines,

“ Nor pities those with want opprest,

“ While he in state reclines ;—

“ For such an one is Damon scorn'd.

“ Ah Phebe, cruel maid !

“ For such, with gaudy pride adorn'd,

“ Is Damon's peace betray'd ?

“ Why didst thou praise the tender mind,

“ Unless you lov'd the same ?

“ For ah ! thy praise, so seeming kind,

“ Has fann'd the tender flame.

“ Why praise my sympathetic song,

“ Unless the theme you lov'd ?

“ For sympathy grew doubly strong

“ When you its force approv'd.

“ But thou art chang'd ; unhappy maid !

“ Thou art no more the same.

“ The town, with all its gay parade,

“ Has deaden'd feeling's claim.

“ Nor sympathy is lost alone ;

“ But ev’ry virtue fades—

“ Each virtue that so brightly shone

“ Within these peaceful shades :

“ Simplicity, with tongue sincere,

“ And bosom free from guile ;

“ And modesty, with bashful gear,

“ And blushing cheek the while.

“ Humility, in plainness drest,

“ And truth, devoid of art ;

“ And constancy, with calmness blest ;

“ And sweet content of heart.

“ These has she chang’d for idle toys ;

“ And chastity has sold :—

“ For her as chaste we ne’er can prize

“ Who sells her charms for gold.

“ Yet shalt thou find, unhappy maid !

“ And oft with tears shalt rue,

“ To grief and woe thou wert betray’d

“ When first thou prov’dst untrue.

“ Soon

“ Soon shalt thou find the noisy town,

“ And grandeur's gaudy life,

“ Not long the voice of love can drown,

“ Or chace domestic strife.

“ The fickle heart thy beauty warms

“ Thy beauty soon shall cloy;

“ For love inspir'd by outward charms

“ Possession will destroy.

“ When sick with dissipated joys,

“ When grandeur's charms shall fade,

“ Then shalt thou wish thy humbler choice—

“ My cottage and my glade.

“ But I, alas! unpity'd here,

“ Must, pining, droop forlorn,

“ And nought my drooping heart shall cheer

“ At even, noon, or dawn.

“ Alas! I hop'd, sweet bird! that thou,

“ Who cheer'dst my heart so oft,

“ Wouldst mitigate my anguish now,

“ With plaintive warblings soft.

“ Sweet bird! who knows the bitter pains

“ That rent thy little breast,

“ While wand’ring o’er the snowy plains,

“ With cold and want opprest?

“ Perhaps each morn, with constant care,

“ Thou sought’st my cottage door;

“ In hopes those scatter’d crumbs to share

“ Thou shar’dst so oft before.

“ Perhaps thou strain’dst thy little throat,

“ In hopes to reach my ear;

“ Repeating ev’ry tender note

“ I went with smiles to hear.

“ And while the snow was falling thick,

“ And while the bleak winds blew,

“ Thou cam’st my sheltering roof to seek,

“ As thou wert wont to do.

“ And when thou couldst no entrance gain,

“ Perhaps with drooping head,

“ Perch’d on the threshold, pierc’d with pain,

“ Thou mourn’dst thy guardian fled;

“ Till

“ Till pinch'd by hunger, cold, and grief,

“ All stiffen'd on the snow,

“ No friendly care to bring relief,

“ Thy bosom ceas'd to glow.

“ Farewel, sweet bird! no more thy throat

“ Shall cheer thy Damon's woe;

“ No more, alas! thy liquid note

“ In grateful thanks shall flow.

“ Yet at my humble board each morn

“ I'll heave for thee a sigh;

“ For thee, at silent eve forlorn,

“ A tear shall fill my eye.

“ Thy wonted sports I then shall grieve,

“ And miss thy tender song.—

“ But sure, unless my mind deceive,

“ I shall not miss them long:

“ For ah my pained heart beats slow,

“ My spirits inly faint.—

“ My bird, thou shalt to Phebe go,

“ And of my end acquaint.”

His hapless bird then took the youth,
 And wash'd with many a tear;
 And enter'd, whelm'd with love and ruth,
 His cottage lone and drear.

And down he sat, with aching heart,
 To frame a ditty neat.
 Then did he all his thoughts impart
 In roundelay full sweet.

At last these mournful verses came ;
 Which scarcely might be read,
 So blotted were with tears the same,
 Adown his cheek which sped.

“ Then farewell Phebe, cruel maid !

“ For ever and for aye.

“ The heart thy faithless love betray'd

“ Is melting fast away.

“ Soon shall unhappy Damon be

“ As this his bird so dear.

“ Death soon his troubled heart shall free

“ From all its pangs severe.

“ Yet

“ Yet Phebe, when the timeless grave,

“ Shall Damon’s sorrows hide,

“ This last small favour let me crave—

“ Nor be the boon denied :

“ Beneath the turf where I am laid

“ Let this poor Red-breast lay ;

“ And let, to all who pass the glade,

“ The mournful stanza say :

“ Here, underneath this verdant tomb,

“ Is laid a hapless swain ;

“ A tenant of this peaceful gloom ;

“ By love untimely slain.

“ The social bird, whose tender lay

“ So often cheer’d his mind,

“ Now moulders by his side away,

“ For lack of whom he pin’d.

“ Learn hence ye youths : beware of love !

“ For fatal is his dart.

“ Learn hence ye maids : nor faithless prove,

“ Nor slight the constant heart.”

These

These mournful lines when Phebe read,
 Her heart was pierc'd with grief;
 And soon to Damon's cot she fled,
 To give his woes relief.

But ah ! too late the fair-one came ;
 For Damon was no more.
 Then did she loud her grief proclaim,
 And her false heart deplore.

She stretch'd her on his grassy grave ;
 She mourn'd her foolish pride,
 The while her tears the ground did lave ;
 She groan'd full oft and sigh'd ;

While sighs of anguish rent her breast,
 She tore her flowing hair.

{ Her looks, her actions all confess
 Delirium and despair.

Long did she lay, and wildly rave,
 With mingled tears and sighs,
 Till, stretch'd upon her Damon's grave,
 Death seal'd at length her eyes.

The

The village maids and village swains
In time came flocking round.

They sung their sad funeral strains,
And laid her in the ground.

They laid her close by Damon's side,
With flow'rs of ivy strew'd.

Then thus the hoary Thenot sigh'd,
With wisdom much endu'd :

“ Ye fair-ones, see what heavy woe
“ Will on the maiden light,
“ Whoe'er for av'rice, pride, and show
“ Would break her virgin plight.

“ In vain ambition, pleasure, state
“ Would fond affection quell ;
“ The strong impression, soon or late,
“ These tyrants will repel.

“ Tho' love may be a while supprest,
“ His empire he'll regain,
“ And wound with bitter pangs the breast
“ Which dar'd his sway disdain.”



E R R A T A.

Page 106, line 15, for "scenes of invention," read *works* of invention.—P. 114, l. 10, for "spangl'd," read *spangled*.—P. 116, l. 3, for "subtil," read *subtile*.—P. 118, l. 4, for "possessions," read *possession*.—P. 134, l. 3 and 4, for "lisping," read *lisping*.—P. 174, l. 8, for "wreathing," read *writhing*.